



L O V E

A N D

F O L L Y.

A

P O E M.



[Price Two Shillings.]

A

Selden (A)



LOVE *and* FOLLY.

A

P O E M.

In FOUR CANTO's.



Vide 230.

J. Hayman inv. & del.

C. Grignon sculp.

Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
Fabula nullius Veneris, sine pondere & arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque caloræ.

HOR. de Arte Poet.

THE SECOND EDITION,

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. JOHNSTON, at the *Golden Ball* in
St. Paul's Church-Yard,

M.DCC.XLIX.

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Printed



*To the Right Honourable the
&c. of &c.*

My LORD,

THOUGH I have the highest Regard for you, on account of your public Virtues, both as an able Statesman, and real Friend to *Great Britain*; yet, to avoid the least Appearance of Flattery, I am resolved to leave your Applauses on that Score to the general Voice of your Country, and to mingle no empty Compliments of mine with the solid Esteem and Acknowledgement of Three Nations.

A

Indeed

Indeed I suspect I rather want to flatter myself than your Lordship, while I tell the World by this Address, that my having some Share in your Friendship, and a Desire to increase it, by surprising you with an Entertainment quite unexpected, made me first undertake the writing this Piece, in that particular Cast and Manner in which your Lordship so remarkably excels.

It is an establish'd Maxim, that those whom we love we endeavour to imitate; and of all the Weaknesses which the despised Tribe of Imitators run into, I hope your Lordship will think this sort the most pardonable: And therefore I have joined both my Apology and my Fault, both the Cause and the Effect of this Attempt, in the Title of my Poem, by calling it *LOVE and FOLLY*.

DEDICATION.

v

Till I saw its Success, as I was not willing to own it to your Lordship in private, lest I should be ashamed of it as an Author, so I would not put your Titles at the Head of this public Dedication, lest you should blush for it as a Patron ; and yet I doubt, in spite of all this Precaution, I cannot avoid leaving some Traces, which, in time, will make them as easily known as your Writings are, though you never put your Name to any of them.

I heartily wish the Number of illustrious Noblemen were so large, that it would be impossible to guess at your Lordship under such a Disguise as this ; but I fear there is something so particular in having the Character of the greatest Wit, joined with the greatest Zeal to serve your Country by it, that it will make you (to quick-sighted Observers at least) as easily discoverable,

as *Saul* was among the People by the Height of his Stature.

But, my Lord, while I confess, that I chiefly address you, as a Man of Wit, and distinguished Talents, I apprehend that I shall seem to have forgot, how little the Present I am making you, can deserve the Regard of a Person, who, both as a Writer and a Speaker, has so long engaged the Attention of the polite and letter'd World.

I am sensible, if an unskilful Painter would compliment a *Michael Angelo*, or a *Raphael*, with some inaccurate Drawings of his own, it would not be a well judg'd Method of paying his Court ; and yet I wish I may not be running into the same mistaken Conduct now.

However, my Lord, I have such a Dependence on your Candour and Goodness to me, that I hope you will accept this
un-

DEDICATION.

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unpolish'd Sketch with the same Good-will it is presented to you ; and will neither examine it with too severe and critical an Eye, nor, when you look at it, set it beside any of your own beautiful Pieces, which you conceal from the World, tho' you have wrote them with a Life and Spirit, which while I am ambitious to copy, I can never expect to reach.

I flatter myself, my Lord, that you will treat any tolerable Performance of mine with more Indulgence ; and consider this Work not as offered you for a Proof of an imaginary Ability, that would pretend to rival you in your own masterly Way ; but barely as an honest Testimony of that real Affection which I bear you ; or, as *Lucretius* has express'd it in his lovely Manner,

Non

viii *DEDICATION.*

*Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
Quod te imitari avelo : quid enim contendat hirundo
Cyenris? —————*

A true Knight-errant never enters on his dangerous Profession, with a View to proclaim his Valour and Prowess so much, as the Beauty and Merit of the Lady he admires: And pray, my Lord, look on me as undertaking this romantic Adventure in the poetical Way on much the same Motives, and rather to shew the Honour I have for you, than with a wretched Self-conceit to set out any fancied Talents of my own.

I have confess'd already, that my sole View was to please you ; and, though I should not succeed in that, let me have the Satisfaction to find, that your Lordship
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DEDICATION. ix

regards what I have done, as at least a sincere Instance of my Respect for you, and an hearty, though insufficient Return for what Kindness you are pleased to honour me with, as a Friend to Mankind, and therefore, with the truest Attachment,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most faithful and

Affectionate humble Servant,

AM. SELDEN.

PRE-



P R E F A C E.

*I*T is a common Apology for Peoples publishing their Writings, that they consented to it in Compliance with the Importunity of their Friends; but, for my part, I must own, that I am so far from having that Excuse, that I believe many of my Friends will blame me for not consulting them either in the writing or printing this Poem.

As I apprehended they would give me better Advice than I was willing to take, and would find Faults which others might
a overlook,

overlook, or reckon none, I chose to have the Reader's Opinion, rather than theirs; as a Man sends an Horse he is doubtful of to the Market, which he is unwilling to keep, and that he does not care to put into the Hands of a Neighbour, or an Intimate.

What the Consequence may be, of my throwing this so rashly on the Public, I can't yet tell, and must depend on Strangers to inform me.

However, as a modest Man ought, I am apt to apprehend the worst; and therefore comfort myself with the Consideration, that, as I wrote it at first with the fond Hope of pleasing one Gentleman, I ought not to be over-solicitous, as to the pleasing of many now.

As I had not Ambition enough to aim at the suiting the Palates of all sorts of Readers, it is plain, that a Number of People, who

who don't relish this kind of Poetry, and the Allegory which generally runs through it, will be very little obliged to me for my writing it ; and therefore it is not unlikely, that I may be as little obliged to them for their reading it.

A few Months will set me quite right in this Matter ; and in the mean while, with all the Fears of an Author upon me, I must confess, that as I do not expect any great Indulgence from my Acquaintances, I doubt it is a Rashness to hope for any kind Allowances, and much less any great Approbation, from the Public, for what I now give them.

If I am deceived, it will be a very agreeable Disappointment ; for I will frankly own, if on account of the Fable, which (not to mention its being absolutely unborrowed) some may think not unhappily invented, ill-conducted, nor injudiciously wound up, they

should pardon a first Essay of this Kind, they will do a great deal more, than I have any Title to ask from People, with whom I design to have as little Dealings in this Way, or any other, as I can.

When a Criminal reckons before-hand on his being condemned, he has not much Occasion to pay Court to his Jury; or else, as a Scribbler, I could truly plead to my Judges the real, though trite Excuse, that this Piece was writ in the Hurry of many Avocations, and much Business.

Nay, I might fairly assert, that I cannot honestly get sufficient Leisure to correct or improve it; nor (to blab out a great Secret) am I quite satisfied how far it deserves it; and therefore possibly many hasty Judges may think it has as little Claim to their throwing away their Time in perusing, or their Money in purchasing it.

How-

However, if this should be the Case, the Bookseller may be disappointed, but by no means the Writer; who, I can assure the Public, is not quite poor enough to scribble for Profit, nor vain enough to court by Writing that Phantom Reputation, though he would be glad to please Men of superior Sense, and a true Relish of Things, if it does not cost him more Pains than it is worth.

But, not to treat this little Affair too gravely, I would willingly, before I end this Preface, make two or three Requests to any Critic, who is not very hard to be pleased, or very easily disposed to be angry.

One is, that I beseech him, where-ever he finds Moria, or Folly, blindly asserting, that all Mankind are Fools, he will be so just as to except himself and the Author out of the Number, which was all along my

Intention;

Intention; for perhaps I have as high an Opinion of every Person's Understanding, for their reading this Poem, as I have of my own for writing it.

The second Request I would make is, that whatever is said in this Piece in praise of Folly, and with an affected satirical Spirit against Wisdom, Learning, Authors and Readers, Philosophers, Wits, Poets, Heroes, Kings, and Statesmen, may be considered as spoke by Moria against her declared Enemies; and consequently as a mere railing Rhapsody of interested Malice, Ignorance, and Passion; and yet a Rhapsody, in which both myself, and my dear Readers, are no-ways concerned, at least till we can fairly make out our Claim to such mighty Characters.

However, while I ask this Favour, I do it with this Reserve; that in case the Crouds of wise Men in this Age may be vain enough
to

to be offended with what I have writ, and therefore refuse it me; I may be allowed to make my Appeal to all the Fools in the next; and if they know their own Interest, and stand by me with Posterity, I shall be in no pain for ever so great a Number of dissenting Voices now.

The last Request I shall offer to all great Critics is, that they would peruse Erasmus's celebrated Encomium on Folly, either in the Original, or in the English Translation by Bishop Kennet, before they censure her Manner of arguing here; for, as I would be fond to shew them, I am not guilty of so base a Plagiarism, as stealing either the Method, Arguments, or Thoughts, of that admirable Man, so I would be glad to screen that Part of my Performance under the Example and Authority of so great a Name.

LOVE

E R R A T A.

PAge 53. Line 4. *for* unminded *read* unmended. P. 63. l. 12. *r.* Saloons. P. 71. l. 15. *r.* Seraps. P. 84. l. 16. *r.* Show. P. 94. l. 18. *f.* their *r.* your. P. 106. l. 3. *r.* Scotch. P. 142. l. 6. *f.* Which *r.* Where. P. 152. *in the Note*, *f.* Nifi *r.* Ne si. P. 193. l. 14. *f.* than *r.* when. P. 204. l. 1. *r.* which. P. 214. l. 5. *r.* Seals.



LOVE *and* FOLLY.

A P O E M.

C A N T O I.



OND to record to future Times
Delightful Truths in chearful Rhymes ;
Ardent to speak of wond'rous Things,
Muse, rouse the Lyre, and tune the Strings.
Unthought of by the Bards of old,
High Scenes of great Events unfold,

B

Suited

2 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Suited to catch our *Pollio's* Ear,
Such as he likes to write or hear.
Warm my chill'd Breast with all his Fire;
That Range of Thoughts and Words inspire!
If Grace like his advance the Song,
E'en *Pollio* cannot think it long.
Great Friend to Man, and *Britain's* Isle,
The World will listen, if you smile;
Nor scorn the too fond Muse's View,
To please the Fair by copying you.
She strikes the Lyre——Approve the Strain,
Lov'd *Pollio*, or she sings in vain!

The Gods in Senate to debate,
And settle high Affairs of State,
Where vast *Olympus'* Summits rise,
Descended from the azure Skies.
As their great Sire and Lord rever'd,
There Cloud-compelling *Jove* appear'd.

Calm

Calm in his Lap the Thunders lay,
 The Symbols of Imperial Sway.
 While Heav'n's high Pow'rs sat round his Throne,
 And deck'd it like a splendid Zone :
 There *Juno*, and the *Paphian* Queen,
 The Graces in their Train were seen.
 Amidst her Father's radiant Race,
 The chaste *Diana* took her Place.
 Without his Helmet, Sword, or Car,
 There frown'd the haughty God of War :
 There joyous smil'd the God of Wine,
 With Numbers more of Birth divine.
 * *Metis*, who prudent Councils guides,
 And o'er the letter'd World presides.
 † *Themis*, who Heav'n's dread Laws attends,
 And Truth's deserted Cause defends.

* *Metis*, or *Wisdom*, as her Name signifies, was the Goddess of good Advice, and prudent Measures, among the Antients.

† *Themis* was the Goddess of Justice.

4 LOVE and FOLLY.

Sage *Vesta* thro' the Earth renown'd,
And *Cybele* with Turrets crown'd.
Neptune the Ocean's awful Lord;
Pluto, by Hell's dark Realms ador'd.
Pan, to whose Altars Shepherds bow,
Ceres, Inventress of the Plow.
And last sat down old gay *Silenus*,
With *Vulcan*, Spouse and Slave to *Venus*.

Grand was the Pomp; for thither all
Attended on the Thund'rer's Call.
The Heav'n's themselves were on a Blaze:
Phæbus was there, bedeck'd with Rays.
Yet scarcely, tho' he look'd so bright,
Was seen 'midst such a Flood of Light:
Where each with Beams celestial shone
Beyond the Splendor of the Sun,
Together by great *Jove* conven'd,
To hear the God of Love arraign'd!

Solemn

Solemn the Session, high the Cause,
 For Love had broke through all their Laws,
 And made the Deities obey,
 As Vassals, his tyrannic Sway.
 Enslav'd they dragg'd his galling Chain,
 And mourn'd his Pow'r, but mourn'd in vain.
 Kindling his Flames in ev'ry Breast,
 He never gave th'Immortals Rest ;
 But, fond their Weakness to expose,
 Involv'd them in a thousand Woes :
 While *Jove's* despis'd Omnipotence
 Against his Arts found no Defence !

This haughty Treatment had o'erthrown
 Their Empire, tho' it rais'd his own.
 For, with his all-subduing Bow,
 He sunk their Pow'r and Fame so low,

And

6 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

And ever since his fatal Birth,
Rul'd so supreme o'er Heav'n and Earth,
That Mortals now to *Cupid* paid
The chief Oblations which they made :
And, slighting ev'ry Name above,
Ador'd no other God but *Love*.

Besides, to Men of Worth and Sense,
His shameless Conduct gave Offence.
He drank, he whor'd, he gam'd, he swore ;
His Life with Crimes was blotted o'er.
He scorn'd good *Hymen's* sacred Ties,
And made a Trade of Vows and Lies.
Fair Virtue's Praise, an honour'd Fame,
He laugh'd at, as an empty Name.
By which Example all the Nations
Lay quite expos'd to great Temptations ;
And, doating on their lewd Amours,
Had turn'd Religion out of Doors.

These Pranks above made such a Noise,
 As interrupted all their Joys,
 And rais'd *Diana's* Rage so high
 There was no living in the Sky.
 For Discord, by her means, had sown
 Factions which sapp'd her Father's Throne ;
 And rais'd such dang'rous Feuds and Jars,
 As menaced Heav'n with Civil Wars.
 While, by her mischievous Deceits,
 Wild Uproar shook their calm Retreats.

This *Hermes* mourn'd, who saw with Fear
 The Storm run high, the Danger near ;
 And, sagely studious to prevent
 All Umbrage for their Discontent,
 Close with his Sire, adjusting Things,
 Sail'd down to Earth on rapid Wings :

Where,

8 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Where, fond these Heats should be appeas'd,
By *Jove's* own Writ on *Love* he seiz'd ;
And to *Olympus*, quick as Thought,
His Captive to the Thund'rer brought.

There his Bail scorn'd, his Tears despis'd,
Firm his vile Deeds should be chastis'd ;
Imprison'd, from his Friends restrain'd,
His public Trial *Jove* ordain'd :
For, fix'd to be disturb'd no more,
And Heav'n's shock'd Quiet to restore ;
The God, at *Dian's* Prayer, decreed,
He should to her Presentment plead,
Answer her Charge without Essoign,
And stand to what his Peers injoin :
While he impeach'd, should, if convicted,
Abide the Pains the Laws inflicted.

Hence,

Hence to the Gods his Rescripts sent
 Had call'd this solemn Parliament :
 Where, rob'd in State, they sat severe,
 Th'Accuser and th'Accus'd to hear.
 Yet close to veil from human Eyes
 This grand Arraignment in the Skies ;
 In Pity to the *Paphian* Queen,
 That nothing might be heard or seen
 By peeping Mortals from the Plain,
 Of Love's Disgrace, and Beauty's Pain ;
 By *Jove's* Command, a Group of Clouds
 The bright Assembly's Glory throwds.

Silence proclaim'd, th'Assessors wait,
 Anxious for Love's impending Fate :
 When *Themis*, watching *Dian's* Eyes,
 Strait to th'Æthereal Court applies,

C

And,

10 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

And, like intrepid * *Yorke*, demands
Impartial Justice at their Hands;
That no mean Byas warp their Hearts
To *Cupid's* treach'rous Charms and Arts;
While they, by long-establiſh'd Laws,
Decide the great approaching Cauſe:
That on their Votes depended all
Which they could dear or ſacred call:
In Heav'n their Peace, on Earth their Fame,
Their endleſs Glory, or their Shame:
That e'en their Temples, Priests, and Pow'r,
Hung on this one deciſive Hour;
And now muſt ſtand or fall, as *Jove*
And they ſhould order Things above.

As Men were turning Heathens faſt,
Their Rites might be replac'd at laſt;

* The preſent Lord High Chancellor of *Great Britain*, and formerly Attorney-General.

LOVE *and* FOLLY.

II

Some time in the eternal Now,
 Altho' she nam'd not where or how
 Affairs might change, and Mortals, grown
 More just, restore the Thund'rer's Throne;
 Might rear their Shrines, while heav'nly Eyes
 Again would see their Altars rise,
 If *Cupid* was but once subdu'd,
 And Gods and Men no longer lewd!

Therefore, in Right and Truth's Support,
 She humbly mov'd a Rule of Court,
 That *Hermes* might his Pris'ner bring
 Before his Peers, and Heav'n's high King;
 To hear, by their Decree, his Crimes
 Condemn'd to late succeeding Times,
 And Heav'n and Earth at once set free
 From such a Traitor's Tyranny.

High *Jove*, who on th' Imperial Throne,
 Sceptred and Crown'd, was plac'd alone,
 Looks awful round th'affenting Gods,
 Shakes his ambrosial Curls, and nods.

Straight *Hermes*, at his Sire's Command,
 His wreath'd Caduceus in his Hand,
 From his close Ward the Caitiff brings,
 With Hands unbound, but pinion'd Wings;
 While at his Back his Bow unstrung,
 Tied to his feather'd Quiver, hung.
 By *Dian's* Order *Momus* bore
 The Mace, and solemn stalk'd before;
 When *Hermes*, with Obeisance low,
 Shew'd to the Gods their daring Foe.

But such a Foe! so wondrous fair!
 Each Grace of *Venus* in his Air!

In

LOVE *and* FOLLY.

13

In bright *Kildare* so *Richmond* seems
 To warm us by reflected Beams,
 With such a Sweetness, such a Smile,
 As in *Augusta* charms our Isle.
 So bloom'd his ever youthful Years,
 So moving were his silent Tears,
 That half Heav'n's Pow'rs, with all their Zeal,
 Some tender Pangs began to feel,
 Lest such a God, indulging all
 Their Pleasures, should unpity'd fall;
 And, turning Things from bad to worse,
 Make Immortality a Curse.

Venus, who saw them much amaz'd,
 While piteous on his Form they gaz'd;
 Strait pray'd the Court with humble Air,
 Her Son might be allow'd a Chair,
 Who was infirm, and scarce had slept
 One Hour since *Jove*—She paus'd and wept!

In

The

14 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

The God seem'd mov'd — and tho' he guest
Her Foes the Motion would contest;
Glad their mean Malice to prevent,
Nods from the Throne his kind Assent,
As Jurors, whom the World believes
Great Rogues, oft sit on petty Thieves;
He knew some led amidst the Sky
Worse Lives than him they were to try;
And loth poor *Love* to treat too ill,
Grants him a Seat against their Will.

Thus loll'd at Ease the little Thief,
When *Dian* rose, and from her Brief,
Shew'd with just Truth, and cogent Reason,
Why she impeach'd him there of Treason.

Never, ye Pow'rs, the Goddess cry'd,
Since *Mars* before this Court was try'd,

And

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* *Ma*
Halliro
Alcippe

† *Sa*
throned
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Party in

And then arraign'd, tho' guiltless, stood
 For shedding **Hallirothus*' Blood,
 Have we so grand a Trial known
 At this dread Bar, and *Jove's* high Throne,
 Nor since dark † *Saturn's* Reign of old
 Stood such black Treasons here inroll'd.

For now before you comes arraign'd
 A Wretch that has our Shrines profan'd,
 That basely labours to o'erthrow
 Our Bliss above, our Pow'r below;
 Who, void of Worth, or Faith, confounds
 Virtue's and Truth's eternal Bounds;

* *Mars* was tried before a General Court of all the Gods, for killing *Hallirothus* the Son of *Neptune*, who attempted to ravish his Daughter *Alcippe*; and, after a full Hearing, was acquitted by all their Votes.

V. *Natalis Comes*, Lib. II. Cap. 7.

† *Saturn*, after having usurp'd the Empire of the World, and dethroned his Father *Cælus*, was punished for it by *Jupiter*, who dethroned him, though it cost him a ten Years War, before he got him and his Party intirely subdued.

V. *Apollodorus*, Lib. I. init.

And

And

16 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

And as of old blind Chaos us'd,
Jumbles both Heav'n and Earth confus'd.
While Gods and Men subdu'd adorn
His Triumphs, Laws are made his Scorn.
For all the meanest Tricks contemn'd!
For all the highest Crimes condemn'd!
'Gainst whom both Gods and Men should league;
To Gods and Men an equal Plague!

'Twas *He*, in ev'ry Mischief skill'd,
Who first our Heav'n with Tumults fill'd;
Who, by pretending to increase
Our Happiness, destroy'd our Peace.
'Twas he first taught us Hopes and Fears,
Mean Passions, Sorrows, Sighs and Tears.
While he on mortal Creatures plac'd
Our Hearts, by transient Charms debas'd;
And stain'd our everlasting Names,
By his unchaste polluted Flames!

While

While *Jove's* his Vaffal, Men despise
The Gods, and mock the flighted Skies :
And think the Deities above
Devoted Slaves to fenfual Love.
What *Cytherea's* lawlefs Son
To *Juno* and to *Jove* has done,
All Mortals know from Poets Songs,
That vouch his Infults and our Wrongs.
This grieves e'en Men——Shall Heav'n alone,
Calm, fee this Wretch its Gods dethrone ?
And bear the Scorn with which he treats
The Rulers of thefe facred Seats ?
Apollo's Bow, and *Neptune's* Trident,
He tramples on, and takes a Pride in't.
E'en *Mars*, who leads the radiant Files
Of War, is vanquish'd by his Wiles ;
And conqu'ring Realms and States in vain,
Bends to his Yoke, and drags his Chain.

D

From

18 LOVE and FOLLY.

From *Bacchus* he his *Thyrſus* wreſts,
 And of his Bolts high *Jove* diveſts.
 From *Hermes* charms the magic Rod,
 And ſtrips of all his Wings the God.
Pluto to him, and *Proſerpine*,
 Were forc'd their Empire to reſign;
 And, humbled, found infernal Fires
 Leſs violent than *Love's* Deſires.
 Theſe Crimes are vouch'd by flagrant Facts,
 And Treason by an hundred Acts!

All other Deities beſides
 He plagues and wounds, and then derides.
 Scarce one of us eſcape his Trains,
 Drawn in by Earth-born Nymphs or Swains.
Phæbus muſt wretched *Daphne* chaſe,
 For *Syrinx Pan* muſt Reeds embrace;
 For *Atis Cybele* muſt ſigh,
 And *Ceres* for *Iaſion* die.

Bacchus,

Bacchus, by his base Arts misled,
 Shall wretched *Ariadne* wed.
 Fam'd *Hercules* he sets to spin,
 And tempts his Mother's Heart to sin;
 As, when embraced by warlike *Mars*,
Vulcan display'd her odious Farce;
 Or when some lov'd *Anchises* charms
 The pliant Goddess to his Arms.

Midst Heav'n's high Pow'rs, how few are here,
 His Darts who do not feel or fear?
 Amid this glorious Court, ye Gods,
 Tho' both Worlds tremble at our Nods,
 How few among us dare deny
 His Mandates, or his Pow'r defy?
 Whenever, with his usual Spite,
 He, to torment us, takes Delight;
 And, either in his Mirth or Rage,
 Makes us the Jest of ev'ry Age!

Shall such a Wretch be suffer'd thus
To triumph over *Jove* and us?
Who, curs'd with Beauty, still deforms
The Calm of Heav'n with endless Storms;
Whose Sport is Death, whose Mirth is Madness,
Whose Pleasures end in Guilt and Sadness:
Whose Woes are lasting, but whose Joys
He (wicked Suicide) destroys:
And by Fruition like *Ixion*,
Shews us what Clouds our Hopes rely on.
He taints our sacred Muses Lays,
To spread his Flames and sing his Praise.
His Crimes unblushing who can name
That are not long ally'd to Shame?
Fickle and false his fondling Smiles!
Subtle and catching are his Wiles!
A Foe to heav'nly Hearts confess'd,
Or a designing Friend at best.

Who

Who with his Tricks, and Arts, and Airs,
The wisest, greatest Gods ensnares.

Who burns up Heav'n, and sets on Fire
Immortal Breasts with loose Desire!

These are his Deeds above ; on Earth
What Mischiefs owe to him their Birth?
There, while his frantic Slaves he tames,
His Rage the suff'ring World inflames.
He shoots around his fatal Darts,
To rack and torture all their Hearts.
The base Deceiver there eludes
The Vestal's Vows, the Pray'rs of Prudes.
E'en those weak Souls he deigns to bless,
He strives with Anguish to distress.
He triumphs o'er the racking Pain
In which his Vassals drag his Chain.
Fear, Joy, Grief, Hope, Desire, Despair,
By Turns their wretched Bosoms tear.

Parent

22 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Parent of Frauds and vile Deceits,
He likes and ruins, courts and cheats:
And when poor Shepherds Hearts are won,
Like Sharpers quits them when undone.
Each Maid, when caught within his Nets,
Discretion, Honour, Truth forgets:
And when she's ruin'd, then he flies,
While Death and Sorrow close her Eyes!

By him inverting Nature's Rules,
Fools Mad-men grow, and wise Men Fools!
Life's chief Distinctions he destroys,
Makes young Men old, and old Men Boys.
A Foe to Sense and Reason still,
He tyrannizes o'er the Will:
Frequent divides the dearest Friends,
And breaks all Laws to gain his Ends.
Rapes, Murders, Treasons, he commits,
False, true, kind, cruel, all by Fits.

Various,

Various, and changing as the Wind,
 He parts whom *Hymen's* Rites had join'd;
 And whispers in the Husband's Ears
 A thousand jealous Doubts and Fears:
 For Strife and Mischief are his Joy;
 Such, *Venus*, is your lovely Boy!
 Who, tho' he boasts that *Jove's* high Blood
 Rolls in his Veins its sacred Flood;
 Yet has his Mother's Milk o'erflown
 The Tide, and made the Mass her own!

Not Families alone, but Realms,
 His Pow'r lays waste, his Rage o'erwhelms.
 Swift as wing'd Lightning's rapid Fire,
 Empires at his Command expire.
 Wealth, Scepters, Fortunes, Thrones and Crowns,
 Depend upon his Smiles and Frowns.
 Monarchs are tumbled to their Graves,
 While in their Room he mounts his Slaves.

24 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Feuds, Factions, Wars, by him decreed ;
Cities are sack'd, and Kingdoms bleed ;
That Fate has little more to do,
But his dread Pleasure to pursue.
While, as at *Troy*, each Nation sends
Her Fleets and Troops to work his Ends.

Pleasure, thro' him, to Vice declin'd,
Poisons the Heart, and warps the Mind.
Riot, Excess, and lustful Crimes,
Corrupt the Earth and taint the Times.
Men grow more impious Day by Day ;
Our very Priests forget to pray ;
By him infected, prove unchaste,
And leave our tott'ring Temples waste;
While their weak Hearts from us he turns,
And with leud Flames each Bosom burns.

Thus,

Thus, while this Wretch the World depraves,
 And Men revolted grow his Slaves,
 No Creature now our Aid implores,
 Or prostrate at our Fanes adores ;
 Unless a Deist, when distress'd,
 Opens, by Pray'r, his gloomy Breast :
 While anxious with suspicious Eye,
 He views superior Worlds on high ;
 And doubts what Pow'rs are settled there,
 Something or nothing, Gods or Air :
 Or thinks old Heathens better knew
 Our Natures, than the Moderns do !

But, thro' the Earth by Men decry'd,
 By Fools and Knaves alike defy'd ;
 He makes the World our Pow'r disdain,
 Neglect our Rites, our Shrines profane.

26 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Pert Wits and *Lucians*, by his Aid,
 Our Temples have in Ruins laid :
 Hence Mortals now forget us quite,
 And all our sacred Orgies flight.
 Except in those inverted Forms,
 With which the *Roman* Ritual swarms ;
 Our whole Religion is destroy'd,
 And Heav'n suppos'd an empty Void.

While Men alone to him apply,
 Sunk in the Dust our Altars ly.
 To burn with rich *Sabæan* Gums,
 No more the Bull devoted comes ;
 No Hecatombs with Garlands crown'd,
 With Heav'n for human Sins compound.
 No rich Libations of the Vine
 Are pour'd before the hallow'd Shrine.
 No Vows are made, no Victims slain.
 This Traitor's Crimes subvert our Reign.

On whom I call for Justice here,
 Upright, unbias'd, and severe ;
 Such as befits his horrid Deeds,
 Such as all Heav'n indanger'd needs.
 Quick let this Wretch his Sins atone,
 And *Jove* at last resume his Throne.
 Doom ! doom him ! 'midst the Shades below,
 To shoot his Darts and bend his Bow.
 There let him labour to destroy
 The little Peace the Damn'd enjoy !

She ceas'd——While half the Pow'rs around
 Assented first, with Sighs profound.
 Then with her gen'rous Ardour mov'd,
 A loud Applause her Zeal approv'd.
 Stern, on the Culprit God they fix'd
 Their Looks with Shame and Sorrow mix'd.
 Stung with home Truths, they saw with Pain
 Their Bondage, and the Tyrant's Reign ;

28 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

And jealous of their Rites and Laws,
With boding Thoughts prejudg'd his Cause.

Strait *Cupid*, rising from his Place,
Smil'd placid with enchanting Grace.
Silent he paus'd ; and to the Skies,
Tho' blushing, rais'd his beauteous Eyes.
Then sigh'd, and round the radiant Crowd,
Saluting, with Respect he bow'd.
One Coward-Tear was stealing down,
But quick he check'd it with a Frown :
And while with matchless Charms he shone,
Thus to the Court his Plea begun.

'Tis said that Love, whene'er he pleads,
With easy Eloquence persuades.
But that, ye Pow'rs, I'll never try,
Nor on vain Rhetoric rely.

'Tis

'Tis by the Force of Truth I come,
To strike my false Accusers dumb :
Fair Innocence, condemn'd, I'd chuse ;
And favour'd Guilt with Scorn refuse :
To dear Integrity I trust,
As I am guiltless, you are just !
While that I make my sole Defence,
I laugh at Envy's Impotence.

And yet, alas ! I know too well,
That Slander's not confin'd to Hell.
In Heav'n's calm Mansions she's my Foe,
And haunts me wherefoe'er I go.
But yet, to hear *Diana* rail
At *Love*, as vile, and false, and frail ;
As Author of a thousand Ills,
With which the tortur'd Breast he fills.
Whose reeking Wounds are never heal'd ;
Whose very Mercies are bewail'd :

'Tis

Grieves

Grieves me the more as she's a Friend
That grateful should my Cause defend.
Who on her Shepherd's snowy Breast
So oft on *Latmos* us'd to rest.
A Fact I'm sure she can't deny,
Tho' *Dian* seems more chaste than I.

Let those——(and those I hope are few)
Let those who ne'er his Treasures knew,
Brand with all Crimes unhappy *Love* ;
He's better known to you and *Jove* !
And if I've made the Gods employ
Some Days in that transcendent Joy ;
I trust my greatest Fault will be,
Their Bliss was not prolong'd by me,
While Absence, Fate, or Time, controul
That noblest Passion of the Soul.

Let each Celestial here declare,
 If aught like *Love* deserves their Care.
 What, what, like that, can please or bless?
 What else makes real Happiness?
 You know its Griefs are sweeter far
 Than any other Pleasures are.
 What Joys can match fond Lovers Pains?
 What Freedom's equal to their Chains?
 What 'Transports swell their Hopes and Fears?
 What Softness, Sweetness, in their Tears?
 Such Tendernefs, when fond they mourn!
 Such Ecstasy! when Hopes return.
 Such Longing for th'enchanted Blifs!
 Such Raptures in a Smile or Kifs!
 Are Secrets which the Gods conceal!
 And none but Lovers know or feel!

If Joys like these you Treason call,
 I own, I have produc'd them all!

Contriv'd

32 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Contriv'd and plan'd by me alone,
 The great Foundation of my Throne.
 And hard, great Deities, it were,
 If mortal Men such Blifs should share;
 And yet th'eternal Choir above
 Be quite deny'd the Sweets of Love.
 For happy thrice, and thrice again,
 Are they who taste them, Gods or Men!
 And blest'd! thrice blest'd be each dear Hour,
 That puts such Solace in your Pow'r!

To these Delights which from me flow,
 The Heav'ns this shining Circle owe;
 And were th'Immortals always free
 From the soft Blifs deriv'd from me,
 How few who now this Court adorn,
 Had been to endless Glory born?
 Nay, while with Gods I grace the Sky,
 On Earth new Vassals I supply.

And

And joyous fill your Temples there
 With Millions whom you make your Care.
 To me they owe their Beings, you,
 To Being add your Blessings too.
 And if Men load my Altars now,
 And at my Shrines obsequious bow,
 'Tis to your Pow'r each bends the Knee,
 And worships all the Gods in me !

In Heav'n, on Earth, above, below,
 Whate'er is pleasing I bestow :
 Whatever is with Beauty crown'd,
Love with Profusion scatters round.
 To the fair Sex, and Nature's Face,
 Alike I lend the striking Grace.
 Of all that wins the Soul, the Source,
 Each Charm from me derives its Force.
 As Air's the Medium which conveys
 To Men the Sun's reviving Rays :

And

F

So

34 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

So 'tis thro' *Love* the brightest Eyes
Are seen, when Hearts are made their Prize.

Whatever was, or is to be,
Whate'er is fruitful, flows from me.
New linking the vast Chain of Things,
From me Life's rapid Fountain springs.
Whatever Nature works thro' all
Her teeming Tribes, is at my Call.
Her various Families begun
By *Love*, in long Successions run;
And with unvary'd Fondness tend
To me their Origin and End ;
Parent of Joy and soft Desires,
Source of their sweetest vital Fires.
These Pow'rs I claim,—but claim from *Jove*,
Who feeds and fills the World with Love,

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Not Heav'n itself a Heav'n would be,
 Immortal Pow'rs, if wanting me!
 The Earth without my Sweets would die,
 And like a barren Defart lie.
 In vain the * Planets shoot their Beams :
 In vain the Rivers roll their Streams :
 In vain the nightly Dews distil
 On the low Vale or swelling Hill :
 In vain the Rains descending fall,
 Till I lend motive Heat to all :
 Till I th'informing Life bestow,
 And bid the shooting Seedlings grow.
 Whate'er's produc'd from Pole to Pole,
 'Tis I that animate the whole.

* These Powers of producing, fructifying, and enlivening all Things, &c. are ascribed by the Antients to Love.—See particularly the first Book of *Lucretius*. But the later Discoveries of the Generation in Trees, Herbs, Flowers, bearing such an Analogy to that of Animals, and the *Farina fœcundans*, seem no bad Argument for their Opinion, and *Cupid's* Defence of his Usefulness to the World.

36 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

By me the Earth its Plenty gives,
By me its pregnant Womb conceives.
The humble Plants, the tow'ring Woods,
By me shoot out their leavy Broods.
By me their Species spread, and clothe
The Globe with their prolific Growth.

My Smiles can smoothe the Seas that roar,
And make them gently kiss the Shore ;
Can lull the Winds which vex the Deep,
And lay the wildest Storms asleep.
When fetter'd Nature stupid lies
Frozen beneath inclement Skies,
I rouse her from the wint'ry Death,
And warm the Zephyrs with my Breath,
When to the Earth reviv'd they bring
The op'ning Buds that grace the Spring.
By me the Trees in Bloom appear,
And beautify the pregnant Year,

By

By me the Flow'rs sweet-breathing blow,
 By me the Fruits inripen'd grow.
 To work for me the glorious Sun
 His long unweary'd Course must run.
 For when his Beams enliv'ning shine,
 The genial Warmth is *Jove's*, and mine.

Stung with my Darts, that warm the Breasts
 Of Fishes, Insects, Birds, and Beasts;
 Life's sweet productive Seeds that brood
 Within the Veins, and swell the Blood,
 Rush into Being, and unbind
 The clasping Womb to join their Kind.
 Millions of Births in ev'ry Clime,
 Supply the Wastes of Death and Time.
 Myriads to Life successive rise,
 To stock the Ocean, Earth, and Skies:
 Thus is the World by me renew'd,
 And *Jove's* paternal Laws pursu'd.

38 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Old Time, and all the laughing Hours,
 Watch o'er my Gifts, and nurse my Pow'rs.
 Mirth, Joy, and all th'inspired Throng
 Of Muses, tune for me their Song.
 And if they fan my Fires, I bring
 Sweetness and Force to all they sing.
 Victorious o'er the stubborn Will
 I rule!—but rule by Pleasure still.
 I rule the Heart, and while I guide
 That Seat of Pow'r, o'er all preside.
 But you yourselves, who, I agree,
 First made that Lock, gave me the Key.

Mens Talents, rais'd by me, improve :
 For Wisdom springs and grows with Love.
 By me adorn'd, the human Mind
 Is soften'd, polish'd, and refin'd.

Prompted

Prompted by me, the human Heart
 Persuasive speaks, disdaining Art.
 I melt and mould Mankind with Ease,
 To gentle Manners form'd to please.
 A Love of Honour, Truth, and Fame,
 Are kindled by my gen'rous Flame.
 Sublim'd by me, the Soul pursues
 Exalted Thoughts and noble Views.
 Life lies as in a Lethargy,
 Till rous'd and rais'd it turns to me :
 Till Love enliv'ning Thoughts inspires,
 Has neither Bus'ness nor Desires ;
 Or such as only Torment give :
 Men when they love begin to live.

Life's a dull Blank, and uselefs quite,
 As Dials in the Gloom of Night ;
 Till Love's gay Sun its Splendor pours,
 And marks and gilds the brighten'd Hours.

Without

40 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Without me what is Sense or Health?
Without me what is State or Wealth?
Beggars with me have endless Joys :
Without me Kings find Pleasure cloy :
Till Love begins to crown their Reign,
Fame, Sceptres, Thrones, wou'd please in vain,
Empire's but Wormwood, Care, and Gall,
Till Love comes in and sweetens all.
Without me Maids in vain are chaste,
And Kisses lose their highest Taste.
Youth's Charms uncrown'd by me decay,
As Flow'rs in Wilds must pine away.
Without my Aid each Joy declines,
And Beauty vainly smiles and shines.
But they who are of that possess'd,
They! they! and only they are blest!

These Gifts, ye Pow'rs, from you I hold,
By your Decree assign'd of old.

'Tis

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 41

'Tis your Behests I strive to do
 Then why must I for Mercy sue?
 At this high Court impeach'd, and brought
 To answer for each Lover's Fault?
 If Swains to Nymphs act faithless Parts,
 Blame their corrupt perverted Hearts.
 If Maids to Men inconstant prove,
 And scorn the sacred Laws of Love;
 Charge not their broken Vows to me,
 But their own horrid Perfidy.
 Then why am I arraign'd for Crimes
 Of wicked Men, and faithless Times?
 Must I be doom'd, if human Kind,
 In Love, disclose an impious Mind?
 With Oaths, and Death, and Falshood play,
 While perjur'd Vows the Heart betray?
 If Heav'n's despis'd, if all their Aim
 Is Wealth, or Lust, am I to blame?

'Tis

G

No

42 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

No, mighty Pow'rs! you know too well,
In spite of Heav'n, in spite of Hell!

Of flighted Love and Reason too,
And all that pitying *Jove* can do
Men, to indulge their Passions prone,
Owe to themselves their Crimes alone.

Yet cruel Gods, if you decree
To spare Mankind, and punish me;
If I must be their Victim made,
I am not for myself afraid;
But for the Woes my wretched Fate
Will soon in either World create:
While Heav'n and Earth my Fall o'erturns,
And Nature my Destruction mourns.
For what can stand, if Love condemn'd,
To Shades infernal be condemn'd?
Yet since your gloomy Frowns declare,
My only Refuge is Despair.

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Not thus to leave you all in Woe,
Take this last Boon before I go!
Take it, and feeling Love's sweet Pain,
Ere you condemn me, think again!

He spoke, and secret cast his Darts,
Snatch'd from his Quiver, at their Hearts.
A thousand Shafts the Traitor threw,
Which whizzing midst th' Assembly flew ;
And quick as Lightning cleaves a Cloud,
Transfix'd and stunn'd the heav'nly Croud.
Dian appear'd, had one look'd then at her,
Like *Regulus Rome's* butcher'd Senator,
Studded with Wounds and Spikes ; or take
More * Similies for *Homer's* Sake,
Like a wild Boar, whose Bristles rise,
Shock'd with the Hounds and Huntsmens Cries ;

* Alluding to the double and treble Similies in some antient and modern Poets ; particularly *Homer*, who, in some Places (I had almost said absurdly) heaps a Crowd of them together.

44 LOVE and FOLLY.

Or *Scæva*'s Shield with Darts pierc'd thro',
Which *Pompey*'s Archers at him threw ;
Or * *Waller*'s Whale, whom Foes surround,
And half a Nation's Weapons wound ;
Or a fierce *Porcupine* stuck o'er
With Quills, a Shaft in ev'ry Pore.

Up sprung the Gods with Wounds distress'd :
Jove had a Dozen in his Breast.
Juno, whose Blessings crown chaste Brides,
And *Themis*, were shot thro' their Sides.
Some Hearts of *Jove*'s bright Race were bor'd,
Like Sieves, with Wounds unnumber'd gor'd.
Others at random felt his Darts
Shed their fierce Flames thro' diff'rent Parts.
By the wing'd Plagues which round he threw,
Mars lost one Eye, and *Bacchus* two.

* His famous Battle of the Summer Islands.

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Gods

Hermes, the God of Eloquence,
 Had his Tongue slit ; and ever since
 All Oratory has declin'd
 To Noise, Phrase, Figures, Words and Wind.
 E'en *Pallas*, fenc'd with Shield and Spear,
 Tho' the least hurt, had lost an Ear.
 Never in Heav'n was such a Scene
 Of Wounds, Blood, Fright, and Tumult seen.
 Less Noise in *Homer's* Battles brays,
 When Gods 'gainst Gods the Bard arrays ;
 For here had happen'd much more strange Ills,
 Than in the Fight of *Milton's* Angels.
 Yet smear'd with Blood nectareous *, such
 As Gods may bleed when wounded much ;
 Each, rising quick, himself supplies,
 With Ears and Hearts, and Tongues and Eyes.
 For Gods, like Lobsters, when they lose
 Their Limbs by any Wound or Bruise,

* V. *Homer's* 5th *Iliad*; and *Milton's* 6th Book, for the Blood of Gods and Angels.

46 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Still shoot out new ones, which succeed
 Spontaneous in the other's stead :
 Then each, returning to his Seat,
 Resolv'd to have Revenge complete.
 But, oh! surprizing Change, they found
 Their Souls so pleas'd with ev'ry Wound,
 That when they look'd upon the Traitor,
 Their Rage grew less, their Pity greater.
 The more they gaz'd on all his Charms,
 The more each Glance their Wrath disarms ;
 While all with troubled Hearts debate
 How the dear Rebel they should treat.

This *Dian* saw, and seeing rag'd,
 Conscious her Honour stood engag'd
 To rouse th'Immortals with her Zeal,
 To make the Wretch their Vengeance feel :
 And, fir'd with just Resentment, said,
 Where is our Pow'r, our Wisdom fled?

Have

Have then this Miscreant's Darts subdu'd
 High Heav'n's dread Lords to Servitude?
 Resume your Spirits, mighty *Jove*!
 To *Lethe* drive this Traitor *Love*.
 And there with massive Bonds confin'd,
 Relieve the Gods, and ease Mankind.
 End! end our Thralldom! break our Chain,
 And free us from this Tyrant's Reign!

Instant each God, with Fury fir'd,
 Resolv'd to do as she desir'd.
 Instant their Hearts relenting sigh :
 What's the World worth if Love should die?
 Again their Passions rous'd they fix,
 To send him chain'd and bound to *Styx*;
 Their Rage soft Pity strait controuls,
 And wav'ring Thoughts distract their Souls.

This

This *Venus* gues's'd, and soon begun
 To hope she might retrieve her Son ;
 While Tears roll down her crimson'd Cheeks,
 And her swell'd Heart with Anguish breaks ;
 While from her tender melting Woes,
 Bright Charms unknown before she shews.
 Thus the fair *Paphian* Queen express'd
 All the fond Grief that tore her Breast.

Hear me with Pity, gracious Pow'rs,
 While my drown'd Eyes rain down these Show'rs.
 From you e'en Mortals find Relief.
 Then ease an heav'nly Suppliant's Grief :
 Ease ! hear and ease a Mother's Woe,
 Who scarce till now did Anguish know.
 Oh hear ! and spare my beauteous Son,
 Or *Venus*,—nay, the World's undone !

Alas !

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 49

Alas! I wou'd not——cannot hide
His Weakness, Rashness, Spleen, or Pride.
I see the Faults I can't defend,
Which oft I've fondly strove to mend;
And had restor'd his Fame and Bliss
Long since, but that he keeps a Miss:
On whom, poor Boy, he doats to Rage,
So much his Soul her Charms engage!

Good Heav'ns! that I shou'd thus expose
His Weakness here, before his Foes!
But Hearts, when rack'd like mine, must speak,
And rather own the Truth than break.
I know 'tis shameful to reveal
The private Sweets fond Lovers steal:
Yet hear, ye Pow'rs, and I'll explain
The wretched Source of all our Pain.

H

This

This Nymph, on whom I said he doats,
 He lov'd when in his Petticoats.
 She's call'd *Moria*, tho' you know
Folly's her fav'rite Name below.
 The Creature's handsome, and indeed
 Has Beauties which all Praise exceed.
 Alas! that I should beauteous call
 A Wretch that has disgrac'd us all!
 But, to say Truth, the Maid's so fair,
 She might much wiser Gods ensnare.
 The whitest Skin! the brightest Eyes!
 Th' exactest Shape! the noblest Size!
 The Innocence and Bloom of Youth,
 With all its Kindness, all its Truth!
 Her Limbs so neat, her Hair so fine!
 Her Gait and Features quite divine!
 Her snowy Breasts so heave and move,
 They're Pillows for the Head of *Jove*!

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LOVE *and* FOLLY. 51

Her Neck's well turn'd, and from her Lips
My Wretch bewitching *Nectar* sips.

Her Laugh so charms the Eyes and Ears,
Cov'd Reason flies her sprightly Sneers.
She has a Lisp, which makes good Sense
Blush for its vain Impertinence !

Her dear unmeaning Look's so sweet,
You fear no Treach'ry or Deceit,
Where such an Air, with artless Grace,
Throws a bright Glory round her Face.

And yet this Nymph, possess'd of Charms
To tempt a *Phæbus* to her Arms,
Is still so giddy, wild, and weak,
Half Idiot, half Coquet, and Rake ;
Is such a Rattle, such a Romp,
So fond of Cards, Tea, Tattle, Pomp ;
Of Feasts, Balls, Visits, Drums, and Park,
And little Frolicks in the Dark ;

H 2

That,

Ha

That, as with willing Dotage sway'd,
Love's rul'd by this deluding Maid ;
'Tis plain, by her, and her alone,
The Glory of my Son's o'erthrown.

She sets him on a World of Freaks,
And makes him herd with Cheats and Rakes.
She brings him into Brawls and Scrapes,
And Mischief in a thousand Shapes :
And, what's the most perplexing Thought,
Keeps him from Settling as he ought :
Till he was led by Her, my Boy
Gave me, and ev'ry Being, Joy ;
Was in his Temper sweet and mild,
And good and prudent from a Child.
His Care and Study was to blefs,
And fill both Worlds, with Happiness.
Now, fool'd by her, he acts a Part
That shocks all Heav'n, and breaks my Heart ;

Tur

Turns Men to Monsters, and degrades
To Brutes the Vassals he misleads :
And plays such Pranks as must, I see,
Unminded, hurt both him and me.

The Cause thus shewn of his ill Carriage, '
Next comes the Cure——In short, 'tis Marriage.
There is a Goddess fitting there,
That might reclaim him by her Care :
And, with her Pardon, I must name
Sage *Metis*, that transcendent Dame,
Whose Aids the Gods sometimes implore,
And Men, by *Wisdom's* Name, adore.

Up blush'd good *Metis* to the Eyes,
But shew'd more Pleasure than Surprise.
Joy, mix'd with Wonder, secret stole
Warm to her Heart, and fill'd her Soul.

Some

Some Virgin-Fears about her hung,
While modest Shame ty'd up her Tongue.
Yet silent all her Thoughts were seen,
And, glad, went on the *Paphian* Queen.

As o'er wise Councils she presides,
She'll be the best of Wives and Guides.
Then both combin'd, with equal Art
Will rule the Head, and charm the Heart;
While, taught by her, the human Race
Shall rise improv'd in ev'ry Grace;
And, with a thousand Gifts adorn'd,
Shall be no more as Lovers scorn'd.
This sweet Adviser thus assign'd,
Will make them wise, and form his Mind;
Will watch his most unguarded Hours,
When Passion all the God o'erpow'rs;
When Joy, grown wild, Affection fires,
And Reason in the Flame expires.

Ah!

Ah! blefs him once with fuch a Wife,
And Truth and Senfe fhall guide his Life!

This Seflion thus may end in Peace,
And all our cruel Contefts ceafe.
Unfentenc'd, let my giddy Boy
Reform, and give e'en *Dian* Joy.
Nor be a Mother's Pray'rs deny'd;
But grant him, Gods, this Heav'n-born Bride!
Send, fend them with me home; my Car
'Will hold us all, and 'tis not far;
And happy may their Nuptials be
To Gods and Men! to Them and Me!

Ah! look not, *Jove*, fo fternly down!
Ador'd *Diana*, do not frown!
Illuftrious *Themis*, fmile, and fhew,
The Laws from Reason's Fountain flow.

Ah!

Thefe

56 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

These Measures Heav'n and Earth shou'd please,
Form'd for their common Good and Ease.

By Pow'r, by Birth, ally'd to all,
You can't be honour'd by his Fall.

Mercy is Heav'n's Prerogative,
Let him amend, and *Jove* forgive!

For *my sake* then ——— nay, for *your own*,
Let Marriage for his Faults atone.

'Tis this dear Son, for whom I plead;
Ask your own Hearts, why he was made;
Form'd for both Worlds supreme Delight,
To calm the Day, and crown the Night.
Then spare, ah spare, my matchless Child!
He's sweet and good, tho' something wild.
No Bounds celestial Pity knows;
Spare, spare the God, and end our Woes!

She ceas'd——Then kneeling at their Feet,
To make a Conquest quite complete,

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She shed such Tears, and made such Vows,
 That *Love*, reclaim'd by such a Spouse,
 Would live and act as it became
 His Station, and retrieve his Fame,
 That the relenting Senate vow'd,
 Her offer'd Terms should be allow'd,
 As the best Method to reform
 Her Son, and calm the present Storm.
 So, pitying much her hapless State,
 Pass'd her Petition on Debate :
 While *Love* and *Wisdom* gave their Hands,
 And vow'd to join in *Hymen's* Bands,
 That He and Men reform'd should grow,
 Favour'd above, and bless'd below !

Upbroke the Session——All were pleas'd,
 And *Love's* outrageous Foes appeas'd ;
 Sweet Mercy melting ev'ry Eye,
 Their factious Feuds in Silence die ;

She

I

While

58 LOVE and FOLLY.

While *Dian*, like a Cloud appears,
That drowns its Thunder in its Tears.

The Senate calm'd, was strait dismiss'd,
Heav'n's Pow'rs, at Peace, embrac'd and kiss'd,
Jove lik'd the Turn which Things had taken;
Glad his old Friend had sav'd his Bacon.
Returning to their sev'ral Homes,
Amidst high Heav'n's eternal Domes,
The Gods ascend their native Skies:
To *Cyprus* happy *Venus* flies;
While *Cupid*, with his promis'd Bride,
Plac'd by his joyful Mother's Side,
As her wing'd Doves the Goddess drove,
Began to whisper Tales of Love.



CANTO



C A N T O II.

AS kindled Tinder sets on Fire
 A Match, and then its Flames expire;
 So Lovers Hearts will blaze and burn,
 And marry'd———strait to Coldness turn.
 Nay, Friendship quick as Love will cool,
 E'en vow'd for Life 'twixt Fool and Fool.
 Tho' high the Joy of new-link'd Friends,
 Too soon, alas! the Transport ends.
 Too sweet, too violent, to last,
 Their Raptures faint and sink so fast,
 They seem to bloom like short-liv'd Flow'rs,
 Mere Daughters of the fleeting Hours,
 Which for a while their Sweets display;
 Then fading, droop and die away.

60 LOVE and FOLLY.

For new Friends, like * fresh Fish, we're told,
Grow stale and pall when three Days old.

This *Cyprus* found, where all the Swains
Rejoic'd around her fertile Plains;
Metis and *Love* to meet, who came
To join true Wisdom with his Flame.
Young Girls, old Maidens, Widows, Wives,
Were ne'er more jocund in their Lives;
Finding the God, no more distress'd,
And with so sage a Tutor blest'd,
Would lead a wedded Life unblam'd,
Grow wise and grave, his Wildness tam'd,
And, Marriage-Deeds and Treaties sign'd,
To Peace and Virtue turn his Mind;
Making the subject World perceive
What Blessings *Love* and *Prudence* give.

* A famous Northern Adage.—

Large

Large were the Preparations made
 (For *Venus* understood her Trade)
 To make her Palace wond'rous fine,
 And crown their Nuptials and Design.
 Sage *Metis*, like a Girl of Sense,
 Would fain have sav'd the vast Expence;
 But *Venus*, who affected Shew,
 Scorn'd Management, as vile and low.
 Oeconomy, says she, I hold,
 A poor mean-thoughted Thrift of Gold.
 Besides, 'tis for our Pomp and Pow'r,
 And the huge Wealth on Earth we show'r,
 Vain Mortals pay us Court: For Gain,
 Tho' Pray'r's the Chance, is still the Main!
 As for the Money, I can feize
 From my rich Temples what I please:
 There my Gold Statues I'll purloin,
 And turn them all to ready Coin.

So

62 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

So said, so done ; from *Cnidos* four
 She took, from *Cyprus* many more ;
 Expending such a Mint of Gold,
 As scarce all *Lombard-street* could hold.
 And, as for each new-fashion'd Thing,
 Her Mind was ever on the Wing :
 Her Wit and Money she employs,
 Like high-bred Dames, to purchase Toys.
 For Pomp, her Passion to display,
 Fond she postpon'd the Wedding-Day.
 Crouds of Artificers were brought,
 And Night and Day incessant wrought.
 Mahogany laid all her Floors,
 Gold Locks and Hinges deck'd her Doors.
 With *Indian* Screens, and *China* Jars,
 Her House was grac'd like Heav'n with Stars :
 With Pictures, Sculptures, Tap'stry, Plate,
 Beyond a Papal Pontiff's State.

Altho' she never read or pray'd,
 She form'd a Study, for Parade:
 And a fine Chapel near her Stairs
 Was plac'd, for nothing else but Airs.
 Round the vast Dome a Corridore
 By the best Hands was painted o'er.
 Thro' all th' Apartments *Parian* Stone
 In Columns, and in Freezes, shone.
 In splendid Utenfils profuse,
 Chas'd Vases serv'd for common Use.
 As Taste and Grandeur never plann'd
 Salons so fine, or Rooms so grand;
 So all from Top to Bottom seen,
 Look'd great, and like the *Paphian* Queen.

But as high Splendor seldom brings
 Pleasure or Peace to greatest Kings;

Who,

64 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Who, spite of Pomp and outward Shew,
 Oft mourn beneath some secret Woe ;
 So 'midst this State hid Sorrows, sprung
 From *Cupid's* Pranks, o'er *Metis* hung.
 For tho' she saw all Things agreed,
 The House set out, and Lawyers feed,
 For drawing up the Deeds of Dower,
 To hasten *Hymen's* happy Hour,
 She knew not what to think on't still,
 The God behav'd himself so ill.
 Nay, when he carry'd sweet and kind,
 And seem'd to Marriage well inclin'd,
 She fear'd he woo'd her less to please
 His Fancy, than secure his Ease.

Besides, as thro' the smallest Hole
 Men spy the Day-light, so his Soul,
 In ev'ry little Habitude,
 With penetrating Eye she view'd ;

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And saw Appearances, at least,
Which all her anxious Doubts increas'd.
Oft, when the Lover's Part he play'd,
His Looks a Soul unmov'd betray'd:
For when he courted her, the Wretch
Would yawn, and sigh, and gape, and stretch;
And, what the Goddess scarce could bear,
Would call her *wise*, but never *fair*.
In Temper giddy as a Child,
He fawn'd and quarrell'd, frown'd and smil'd.
This Day all Ice, the next he burns,
Like Agues, hot and cold by turns.

Now dress'd, like Country 'Squires, plain,
He'd ride about in Dirt and Rain;
And, as a Proof of unfeign'd Loving,
Put on the Husband and the Sloven.
Then, all those boorish Whims abhorr'd,
He'd go as fine as any Lord:

K

Grown

Grown fond of *Metis* to Excess,
Would prove his Passion by his Drefs :
And, proud to shew his Love and Cloaths,
Swear over all his Vows and Oaths.
Then, tir'd of that, he'd quite forsake
The Goddess, and affect the Rake.
And, fond of Girls, and Wine, and Play,
Would scarce speak to her twice a Day.
So fickle, that no Weather-glass
Could thro' more Variations pass.

Yet here, to sooth the Fate she fear'd,
Her Heart with flatt'ring Hopes she chear'd.
And oft her Pride slept in, and said,
His Love for her had turn'd his Head.
She saw his Faults, but, fond and warm,
Thought *her* wise Head could all reform ;
That Marriage, and a faultless Dame,
Would her dear pretty Rogue reclaim.

Tho' of his Gambols quite asham'd,
 She could not bear to hear them blam'd;
 But seem'd delighted when her Boy
 Was prais'd, and People wish'd her Joy.
 No Dread of bright *Moria's* Charms
 Could in her Bosom raise Alarms.
 For her high Merit, she was sure,
 Must her Adorer's Heart secure.
 Nor could so great a God prefer
 Such a poor trifling Nymph to her.

But yet his raking Life distress'd
 The Goddess more than all the rest.
 Frequent he lay abroad at Nights,
 And put her in a thousand Frights.
 Often her sage Advice he'd scorn;
 And, reeling home before the Morn,
 Would kiss the Maids, and kick the Men;
 Then make it up, and do't again;

68 'L O V E *and* F O L L Y.

Distracting her with varying Freaks,
Which his capricious Fancy takes.
In short, his Conduct was so bad,
That grave good People thought him mad.
And mad he was ——— as any Hare
In *March*, while griev'd he fought his Fair:
For whom the Wretch was all this while
Scouting by Night the *Cyprian* Isle;
Where, of the Goddeffes afraid,
He heard, they hid his charming Maid.

Venus, poor Soul, now storm'd, now wept,
To get him in some Order kept;
And took the Truant oft aside,
And urg'd how much he shock'd his Bride.
Sometimes she'd hint her Fears and Doubts,
As to his beastly Drinking-bouts;
And shew'd how much the World deplor'd,
To see a God whom all ador'd,

Run riot at so strange a Rate,
 Despising Heav'n, and braving Fate.
 Then she would mingle bitter Taunts
 About his Uncles and his Aunts ;
 And beg he would not thus disgrace
 Himself, and their Celestial Race,
 But lead a Life like one that knew
 What was to Them and *Metis* due.

Thus Things went on : Poor *Venus* rail'd :
 He promis'd to grow good —— and fail'd :
 And when she told him of his Miss,
 He laugh'd, and stopt her with a Kiss.
 He own'd he lik'd the Nymph, but swore,
 He lik'd as well a thousand more :
 Yet hop'd, when marry'd, he should fix,
 And lay aside his rambling Tricks.
 Thus, with false Prattle, he amus'd
 The Goddess, and her Faith abus'd ;

Run

And

70 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

And never troubled once his Head
With what she did, or what she said ;
For *Love*, like many a senseless Elf,
Thought his best Counsellor—himself!

But all this while a secret Fear
Was buzzing *Metis* in the Ear,
What Ways or Measures she should take ;
She lov'd the God, but loath'd the Rake.
For tho' his Person pleas'd the Eye,
His Actions gave his Looks the Lye.
When, like a Friend, she blam'd his Pranks,
She found she got but little Thanks :
For, spite of all her wise Discourse,
The little Wretch shew'd no Remorse.
Would vow her Ignorance and Zeal,
Struck Fire, when join'd, like Flint and Steel.

Some-

Sometimes he'd rant, and strut, and swear,
 Counsel was what she could not bear :
 That fine Advice, when Passion fumes,
 Was carrying Lights to Powder-Rooms.
 Frequent he'd answer all she said,
 With---Pray---no chiding till we're wed !
 Or, pr'ythee do not think me rude,
 To tell you plainly you're a Prude.
 Directing me looks something odd :
 If you're a Goddess, I'm a God !

The Truth is, *Metis*, tho' so wise,
 Was much addicted to advise.
 No Pedant more inclin'd to teach !
 No Deacon better pleas'd to preach !
 She often Scrapes of Satire hurl'd
 At Vice, and Folly, and the World.
 Thus, without speaking plain, she hit
 Poor *Cupid's* Freaks with artful Wit.

Some

Her

72 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Her Sentiments indeed were just ;
 But were too apt to give Disgust.
 This late she found, and tho' she strove
 To mend him, as she promis'd *Jove* :
 Yet, being over Head and Ears
 In Love, she had a thousand Fears,
 Lest she might lose, while she advis'd,
 The God, whose Form she idoliz'd.
 As greatest Doctors often kill
 Their Friends, when sick, by too much Skill.

Hence cautious grown, to Trifles blind,
 She none but glaring Faults would find.
 And, taxing those, she never storm'd
 (As no one is by Rage reform'd);
 But, walking with him oft alone,
 Still blam'd them in the softest Tone;
 With Looks as sweet, and Words as mild,
 As Parents check a favourite Child.

This

This Talk of *Metis*, and his Mother,
Went in at one Ear, out at t'other.
As Purges make some Ailments worse,
He grew more wild by wise Discourse.
He fear'd not *Jove*, nor ever dreamt
Of the Gods Hate, or Mens Contempt ;
And thought the little Tricks he play'd
Deserv'd not half the Noise they made.
Yet tho' his Heart, where-e'er he went,
Was on his bright *Moria* bent,
He seldom fail'd his Court to pay
To prudent *Metis* Day by Day ;
And all the fondling Nonsense said,
That Lovers do---before they wed.
Protesting, once their Hands were ty'd,
Ages should ne'er their Hearts divide.
Fond *Metis* smil'd, and hop'd the best,
Leaving to Time and *Jove* the rest !

This

L

At

At length the happy Morn appears,
 To crown the long revolving Years;
 Assign'd to join their plighted Hands
 For ever in the Nuptial Bands.
 Sums most immense were thrown away,
 To grace the Triumph of the Day.
 For *Venus* took a Joy to waste
 Her Gold, in Poms to crown the Feast;
 Proud that her Son, by such a Wife
 Reclaim'd, would quit his raking Life.

The Silk, the Lace, their Modes of Dress,
 We leave for courtly Dames to guess.
 In Robes how *Venus* gorgeous shone,
 And all bedizen'd out her Son;
 How his grave Bride with Gems look'd bright,
 As Stars adorn a frosty Night;

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 75

The Song omits, for it would tire
Bright *Cowley's* Wit, great *Shakespear's* Fire.

Suffice the Muse to say, the Shew
Excell'd all Pageants Mortals know.
Such was the Grandeur and Parade,
And the bright Figure which they made.
Not Kings and Queens inthron'd surprise
More gaping Mouths, and staring Eyes,
Or, on their Coronation-day,
Look half so grand, so fine as they.

Grac'd with bright Rays, which shone from far,
Seated with *Venus* in her Car,
The heav'nly Pair, while Clarions found,
With Blessings hail'd, with Glory crown'd,
Midst shouting Myriads, and the Pray'rs
Of Worlds, that *Jove* might give them Heirs;

The

76 LOVE and FOLLY.

In State approach the Temple's Gates,
Where half the *Cyprian* Nation waits,
Till their High-Priest their Hands should tie,
In Bands which Time and Death defy!

The Gates unfold; they enter in,
And soon the holy Rites begin.
With hallow'd Fires the Altars blaze;
The Priest the bellowing Victim flays.
The Hymn to *Juno* while he spoke,
The Nuptial Cake in Form was broke;
When, oh, amazing!—as their Hands
Were joining in the Nuptial Bands;
As *Love* prepar'd to give the Ring,
And the High-Priest began to sing,
Forth sprung *Moria* from the Croud,
And, bold, forbad the Bans aloud.

The

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 77

The God is mine ! is mine ! she cries,
Both by Divine and Human Ties !
By plighted Vows our Hands are join'd,
Mine is his Body, mine his Mind !
By solemn Oaths our Hearts are knit;
Two Hearts that best each other fit !
Speak, *Cupid* ! art thou mine alone ?
Speak, and thy fond *Moria* own !
This Infant, which I go with, claims —
You'll vouch it sprung from heav'nly Flames.

Instant, enchanted with her Face,
Rush'd *Cupid* to her lov'd Embrace.
Ravish'd to meet her, and amaz'd,
Upon her witching Charms he gaz'd ;
And cry'd, Bright Nymph, I'm wholly thine !
And You, and only You, are mine !

The

The

78 LOVE and FOLLY.

The Pontiff star'd, and dropt his * Book,
 When to his Arms the Nymph he took.
 Dismay'd stood *Venus*——To the Skies
 She held her Hands, and rais'd her Eyes.
 Sunk *Wisdom* to the Earth forlorn,
 Her Soul with struggling Passions torn ;
 And pierc'd with Grief, and stung with Pride,
 The false perfidious God she ey'd,
 Then fainting, with Disdain, away,
 Clos'd her griev'd Eyes, and loath'd the Day.

Venus, o'erwhelm'd with deep Despair,
 Hung weeping o'er the helpless Fair :
 She tore her Robe, she beat her Breast,
 Griev'd for her wrong'd illustrious Guest.
 The mourning People croud around,
 And, kneeling, overspread the Ground.

* The old Heathens had their Books of Rituals and Ceremonies, *Rituales Libri*, of all Kinds.

They

They saw the World undone again,
 Fond *Folly* ruling *Love* and Men!
 They saw, midst all their Hopes of Bliss,
 Things plung'd into their old Abyss!
 And with vain Howlings, Shrieks and Cries,
 Reproach the Gods, and vex the Skies!

Rous'd by their Groans, the heav'nly Maid
 Revives, and, in their Arms convey'd,
 Enters again the *Paphian* Dome,
 Which once she hop'd to make her Home.
 There lying on a Bed of State,
 Perplex'd, she mourns her adverse Fate;
 While *Venus*, with a Mother's Care,
 Consoles and tends th'afflicted Fair.

Mean-while, neglectful of their Woes,
Love with his Nymph triumphant goes;

Drawn

monies,

They

80 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Drawn by his Mother's cooing Doves,
To sunny *Caria's* Citron Groves.
There, in mad Dalliance, Sport, and Joy,
Their Downy Moments both employ ;
Ravish'd that *Metis* could not curb
Their Dotage, or their Peace disturb.

Who, all the Rapture, all the Bliss,
The lambent Flame of ev'ry Kiss,
The thrilling Transports and Delights,
Their Dance of Days, and Rounds of Nights;
Who, all the Blandishments and Sweets
Each in the other's Fondness meets ;
Who, who, the blessed Hours can tell,
When two kind Lovers love so well ?
Not fair *Adonis*, when he press'd
Bright Beauty's Goddess to his Breast ;

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LOVE *and* FOLLY. 81

Not young *Apollo*, when his Arms,
 Incircling, claspt * *Cyrene's* Charms ;
 Not with *Alcmena* revell'd *Jove*,
 In richer Feasts of ardent Love.
 Nor Morn, nor Ev'ning, Night, nor Day,
 Gave the least Respite to their Play.
 When the fresh Morning-Air they take,
 Fresh Vows of constant Truth they make.
 When the fresh Noon-day Heats they shun,
 Anew the fondling Tale's begun.
 And when the Cool of Ev'ning came,
 Then all was Passion, all was Flame ;
 Till the dark Night return'd, and then
 All, all was Joy, and Flame again.

There, fond, she tells him what had pass'd
 Since the sad Day she saw him last ;

* The beautiful Daughter of *Peneus*, whom *Apollo* fell desperately
 Love with in *Theffaly*, and afterwards carried her to that Part of
Thracia, since called after her Name, and had by her *Aristæus* King of
Thracia. Vide *Steph. Dict. at Apollo, Cyrene, & Aristæus*.

No M When

When *Hermes* seiz'd him first half-dead,
Where he was hid behind the Bed ;
All her kind Fears, since he was try'd,
Left *Metis* should become his Bride ;
Where 'twas she lurk'd, resolv'd to claim
Her Darling, and supplant the Dame ;
While for each Word a Kiss was paid,
By her dear giddy Renegade.

Mean-time, poor *Metis* kept her Bed,
Much troubled with an aching Head ;
And, as she never was a Toast,
Look'd pale and meagre as a Ghost ;
Tho' strong, too weak to ward the Blow ;
Tho' sage, too fond to flight the Woe.
Love, proud like Death, to level all ;
The Wife, like Fools, before him fall.
In vain they run to Reason's Aid ;
For Love and Fate will be obey'd.

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 83

Thus Night and Day she spends in Sighs;
Sleep never clos'd her wretched Eyes.
Incessant Tears the Goddess pours ;
Dark Grief and Shame consume her Hours :
Yet, fix'd the Anguish to endure,
She mourns the Pain, and shuns the Cure.

Venus, who still sat near her, press'd
Her Head upon her snowy Breast.
She kiss'd away the Tears she shed ;
With her own Hands she dress'd her Bed.
She brought her Cordials, made her Tea
Of the best Hyson or Bohea.
To drive away each fretful Thought,
She told what News the Papers brought.
Whate'er in Heav'n or Earth was done
She told——but never nam'd her Son,

84 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Ambrosia was her daily Fare,
 With nectar'd Drams to doze Despair :
 She manag'd her with great Address ;
 Made her play Cards, Backgammon, Chess :
 She got her out, and ev'ry Morn
 Around the Skies would take a Turn,
 To try, while in their Car they flew,
 What Air and Exercise might do.
 Whene'er her Pain relax'd, she vow'd
 No Cure was like a brilliant Croud.
 So, in the Eve of each good Day,
 Coax'd her abroad to see the Play.
 Thus, like fine Belles, she idly fought,
 By vain Delights, to banish Thought.
 Where-e'er *she* went, she made *her* go,
 Dragg'd her about to ev'ry Shew,
 Her Head she dress'd, her Hair she curl'd,
 And made her visit half the World,

She

She did whate'er she thought would please,
And us'd all Arts her Griefs to ease.
In short, she was in perfect Pain,
The Fair to comfort ; but in vain.

An harder Case, in *Cyprian* Ground,
Or in *Love's* Law-books ne'er was found ;
And how to solve it, and redress
Such Woes, did all the Gods distress.
Yet *Venus*, restless to reclaim
Her Boy, and ease the Heav'n-born Dame,
Puts her Invention to the Rack
To bring the wand'ring Varlet back.
But, tho' her Genius, turn'd to Tricks,
Form'd many, she on none could fix ;
Till, musing on her Couch reclin'd,
A sudden Thought came in her Mind.
So, fir'd with Zeal, and Joy extreme,
She plans and executes her Scheme.

86 LOVE and FOLLY.

One of the swift-wing'd * Hours, who still
 (For such was *Jove's* eternal Will)
 Await her Orders, quick she sends,
 And thus instructs, to gain her Ends.

Fleet as the Wind, the World o'er-run,
 Find *Cupid*; tell him, we're undone,
 If, *Metis* scorn'd, he should provoke
 The Gods, and shun the Nuptial Yoke.
Irene (so the Nymph was nam'd),
 Dispatch! and tell him, *Jove's* inflam'd.
 While, with just Pray'rs, and wounding Sighs,
 Deserted *Metis* fill'd the Skies.
 Shew him these Letters I've receiv'd
 From Heav'n, and how the Gods are griev'd:

* The Hours had several Names, and were the Daughters of *Jove*; some of them, as *Homer* and *Ovid* tell us, guarded the Gates of Heaven; others of them attended *Venus* and the Graces; *Irene*, *Dice*, and *Euphrosyne*, were the most famous of them. Vide *Nat. Com.* l. 4. ch. 16.

How much my Friends above have mourn'd,
To find the Marriage-Contract scorn'd :
And if he be not fond of Ruin,
Beg him to think of what he's doing.

Swift thro' the Air *Irene* pass'd,
And finds deluded *Love* at last
Gazing on *Folly's* beauteous Face,
Feasting his Eyes on ev'ry Grace ;
And thunders in his Ears a Peál
Of bold plain Truths with honest Zeal :
Tells him the dreadful News she brings,
And the plain Consequence of Things :
Shew'd all his Mother's Letters to him,
And vow'd *Moria* would undo him :
Said twice as much as *Venus* bid her,
And begg'd of *Cupid* to consider
How his vile Pranks, and broken Vows,
Would *Jove's* insulted Justice rouse.

Then,

Then, adding Threats, vow'd o'er and o'er
 The Gods would be deceiv'd no more.
 In short, she made his Conduct look
 So black, like Aspen-Leaves he shook.
 His Eyes lost half their vivid Light,
 The Roses in his Cheeks grew white.
 He drew his Horns in like a Snail,
 Caught in a Storm of patt'ring Hail;
 Conscious, his Mercy once refus'd,
 How *Jove* the rebel *Titans* us'd.
 But when *Moria* saw her God
 Thus frighted at the threaten'd Rod,
 Like *Libyan* Lions, fierce she grew,
 And furious at *Irene* flew.
 She scratch'd her Face, she pull'd her Hair,
 With all the Madness of Despair;
 She tore her Wings, her Zone, her Coif;
 She rag'd like Don *Petruchio's* * Wife;

* The famous Shrew in *Shakespeare's* Comedy, which he has called, from her, *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Till poor *Irene*, from the Fray,
To *Venus*, weeping, soars away,
To tell her fruitless Toils to save
The God, bright *Folly*'s fetter'd Slave.

Pleas'd with her Flight, *Moria* springs
To *Cupid*'s Arms, and clasps his Wings ;
And her fond Charmer's panting Breast,
Close to her own with Ardour press'd.
But, as quite thunder-struck, she found
His Eyes in Streams of Sorrow drown'd ;
She guess'd *Irene*'s Threats had rais'd
Terrors, which all his Soul amaz'd ;
Lest scorning *Wisdom* might incense
Great *Jove* to rise in her Defence.

Alarm'd with Sighs that pierc'd his Heart,
She begg'd he would his Griefs impart ;

N

Which,

Which, blushing for his Doubts and Fears,
Thus faint he whisper'd in her Ears.

My heav'nly Nymph, tho', more than Light,
Thou'rt charming to my ravish'd Sight;
And tho' I scorn to be cast down
When *Jove* or *Venus* please to frown;
Yet I'm convinc'd my Lot must be
To live with *Metis*, robb'd of Thee.
To gild anew my tarnish'd Fame,
Fate dooms and ties me to the Dame.
Forming, by learned Arts, the Mind,
She'll guide both me and human Kind.
Tho' thou art fair, her Parts and Sense
Give her a vast Pre-eminence.
And Gods, like Men, their Matches make,
For Prudence more than Passion's sake.
Hence *Venus Vulcan* chose to wed,
And *Jove* took *Juno* to his Bed;

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 91

To answer great important Ends,
 That serv'd the World, and pleas'd their Friends.
 I own my Heart is on your Side,
Wisdom is so o'erstock'd with *Pride*.
 I own your Faults seem lovelier far
 Than all her boasted Virtues are;
 And yet I've Reasons not a few,
 Which warp this Heart to her from you.

Tho' *Jove*, quoth she, were here, I'd prove
Reason's a Trifle weigh'd with *Love*!
 Or, if strong Reasons must take place,
 You once saw Thousands in this Face:
 But Truth or Beauty would in vain
 A fickle faithless Heart retain.
 Where Int'rest once leads that astray,
 Bright Eyes may weep themselves away.
 Then, not to boast my Charms, I'll shew
 That I'm your Friend, and she's your Foe.

92 LOVE and FOLLY.

So, if you love yourself, you'll be
Averse to her, and fond of me.

Pray, think what Contests, Brawls, and Strife,
You'll meet, if *Metis* be your Wife.
Then how can *Jove* in Conscience make
You wretched, just for *Dian's* sake?
Since *Wisdom* must distract your Peace,
And seldom let you live at Ease.
Imbitt'ring Cares her Thoughts employ,
But *Folly* is the Source of Joy,
A gay good-humour'd play-ful Antick :
Wisdom's an o'ergrown Fool run frantick.
While blest'd we live with true Content,
Jove won't your prudent Choice resent :
For he who Nature form'd, must see,
Wisdom and *Love* can ne'er agree.
So hear plain Truths, while I maintain,
Bliss I bestow, but *Metis* Pain.

Vain

Vain Wretch, she puts on wond'rous Airs !
 But I'll expose her Arts and Snares:
 And, as the Giants in the Fray,
 Against the Gods had won the Day,
 Until *Silenus'* Afs display'd
 The Thunders of his Voice, and bray'd;
 So shall my simple Words o'erthrow,
 And lay her boasted Prowess low:
 I'll make you slight the haughty Dame,
 I'll shew her Prudence is a Dream,
 Her Knowledge Talk, her Treasures Toys;
 Her Sages Sots, their Schools Decoys:
 And all the Science which they vaunt
 Not worth the common Sense they want.

The Scorn she for my Merit shews
 Gets *her* no Friends, and *me* no Foes.

Tho',

94 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Tho', as a Fly excels the Sun,
 By having Sense, when he has none,
 She thinks that I, however bright,
 To vie with her, can have no Right ;
 Tho' fond o'er Heav'n and Earth to reign,
 She'd make you drag her gauling Chain ;
 Yet will I prove she ne'er can be,
 For useful Worth, compar'd to me ;
 And spite of those learn'd Arts she lends,
 That *Wisdom* hurts and cheats her Friends.

By me your Pow'r enlarg'd you'll find ;
 By her 'tis cramp't, or undermin'd.
 Men, without me, ne'er fall in Love ;
 As Clocks without their Weights can't move.
 I keep your Slaves, whose Hearts I join,
 True to the Touch, as minted Coin ;
 And, like Decoy-Ducks, always get
 My Kindred Tribes into their Net.

On Me, the great Foundation lies,
 Of bleeding Hearts, and killing Eyes,
 Of Racks, and Flames, and Darts, and Chains,
 I forge in Lovers fruitful Brains.
 With these, like Birds with Bird-calls, caught,
 Young Girls are to your Trap-Cage brought:
 Therefore is *Love* defin'd, in Schools,
 The happy Paradise of Fools.
 Your Altars but for me would fall,
 And busy *Wisdom* level all.
 Your Pow'r, when sunk, my Arts restore:
 Scarce Ign'rance helps Devotion more.

Thus I've more useful Sense, you see,
 Than those who dare to rail at Me.
 However, *Metis* and the Wife
 Pretend our Weakness to despise.

They,

96 LOVE and FOLLY.

They, like * *Harpaste*, blinded, say,
 'Tis Night, amidst the Blaze of Day.
 The Darknefs all is in their Mind :
 We want not Light, but they are blind.
Metis and they, with all their Skill,
 Poor hood-wink'd Mortals guide fo ill,
 They can't pretend a God should be
 Tutor'd by fuch a Wretch as ſhe ;
 Or *Love*'s unbounded Pow'r restrain'd,
 Crouch down, to her vain Precepts chain'd.

Fair Sov'reign of my Soul, reply'd
 The God, where *Wisdom* is the Guide
 None are miſſed, and you'll in vain
 Sage *Metis* and her Chiefs arraign.
 She with unerring Prudence ſteers
 Their Courſe in Storms of Hopes and Fears ;

* A fooliſh Maid of *Seneca*'s Wife, of whom he tells us, in his 7th
 Epistle, this odd Story ; that, being ſtruck blind, ſhe was ſtill com-
 plaining of the Darknefs of the Houſe, but never imagined ſhe had
 loſt her Sight.

And

And in the Rage of Passion faves
 The Wretch who finks amidst its Waves.
 Who'er their faithful Rules obey——
 —Are led, quoth *Folly*, quite astray.
 If you'll mark those whom she commends,
 As her most learn'd and able Friends,
 You'll find, tho' keeping such ado,
 They cheat themselves and Mankind too.
 They search for Knowledge, tho' half blind,
 And see't no more than Hogs the Wind.
 As in the Moon Astron'mers draw
 Mountains and Plains they never saw;
 And make fine Maps, and tell fine Tales,
 Of Gulphs, Capes, Islands, Hills and Vales,
 That ne'er were in it, so do these
 Draw Plans of Arts, her Sots to please;
 Tho' each Professor, raving, schemes
 Wild Flights for Truth, for Science Dreams.

98 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Mad with these Crotchets in their Brain,
 Her Dons, for Oafs, our Friends arraign ;
 And prompted by her wild Alarms,
 Draw up against the World in Arms.
 I own their Pride, as 'tis a Sin
 Of Ignorance, may well put in
 For Pardon, or may Pity claim.
 For Men, who thus at Wisdom aim ;
 While they themselves, so wondrous wise,
 Like News-Boys live by felling Lyes.
 These boastful Jugglers cheat the Croud,
 By Sleight-of-hand and talking loud ;
 For their chief Science lies in Noise,
 Big Words, and Cant, to vend their Toys ;
 And with vain Boasts, and high-flown Phrase,
 Weak Heads with learned Problems craze ;
 While all their Art, like Echo,'s shewn
 In roaring Nonsense not their own.

Nay,

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Nay, as rank Bullies use strange Oaths,
 Look fiercely, and wear Scarlet Cloaths;
 Bounce, roar, and hector, curse and rant,
 To ape the Courage which they want;
 So these poor Blusterers in Sense,
 By pompous Fustian make Pretence
 To Genius, Skill, and all the Stores
 Of Knowledge which vain Man adores.
 To hide their Emptiness of Pate,
 She makes them like proud Pedants prate
 Of Systems, Arts, new Worlds of Science,
 And Worlds in Planets, which Men spy hence.
 Thus, big with Monsters, they declaim
 Of Wonders, Fancy loves to frame;
 Making with Terms of Art a Shew,
 As Wind makes Bladders bigger grow.

They talk of virtuous Actions too,
 But lay down Rules they ne'er pursue.

100 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

All *Stoicks*, *Platonists*, and Sects,
While Moral Axioms each collects
For others, think themselves are free,
By Turns to court both you and me;
They, like the Leach's healing Tribe,
Ne'er take the Doses they prescribe;
But give wise Plans for Health, and then
They live and die like other Men.

Deep Doctrines, whether false or true,
With Practice have no more to do
Than solar Systems with the Weather,
And therefore seldom go together.
As oft Arithmetic is taught
By Men that scarce are worth a Groat;
Who, tho' they work in Figures much,
Cast up vast Sums they never touch;
So Sages Rules and Laws contrive,
To which in Fact they ne'er arrive:

And

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 101

And, poor in Virtue, as in Sense,
Of Millions talk, and deal in Pence——
Thus Artists of the World prepare
Great Globes, without an Acre there.

These only talk, but her great Bite,
Is the weak Oaf, she prompts to write ;
With lumber'd Head confus'dly full,
And very learn'd, and very dull,
One scribbles, as his Meat and Drink
Depends upon his Pen and Ink.
This spawns mean Works, and thinks he serves
A thankless World, because he starves.
These scrawl for Party, and succeed
Enough, to get one Side to read.
Some write for Truth, but miss their Ends ;
For Truth and Mankind ne'er were Friends.
Some Authors grow, in Search of Fame,
And find their wretched Fate the same

With

And

102 LOVE and FOLLY.

With his, who into **Ætna's* Fire
Leap'd furious, with the wild Desire
To rise a glorious God at once,
But dy'd a Mortal, and a Dunce.

This pens learn'd Tracts (for Drones will thrive,
Who live by robbing of the Hive);
And, studying hard, disgorges Books,
As a Sot guzzles till he pukes.
This writes, to vent his Eloquence;
And this to prove——his Want of Sense.
Each, not content to scrawl at home
High Nonsense, prints his stupid Tome;
And, by strong Proofs, would shew Mankind
That he has Eyes, tho' they are blind.

* ——— Deus immortalis haberi,
Dum putat Empedocles, ardentem fervidus *Ætnam*
Infiluit.—

Hor. Epist. ad Pisones.

Thus,

Thus, in Vain-Glory's * Cucking-stool,
They sit, of Realms the Ridicule;
Where, hiss'd and scorn'd, they bellow loud,
The Jest and Scoff of all the Croud.

Such hold, as Wealth's brought in by Trade,
All Wisdom is by Books convey'd;
That Men unlearn'd have no Pretence
To Judgment, Knowledge, Taste, or Sense;
But judge each Author must be wise,
Their Works, like Pearls, priz'd by their Size:
So, blotting Rheams with Ink and Pen,
She makes them dream they're wondrous Men;
While, loading with dull Stuff the Press,
They *think* by Rote, and *write* by Guess;
And strut, as they alone were born
The World to polish and adorn;

* An Engine for punishing Scolds, by putting them high in the Air,
or ducking them in the Water.

Tho'

104 LOVE *and* FOLLY,

Tho' the Cheat knows, do all they can,
Wisdom was never made for Man.

Bright Nymph, return'd the God, I fear
These biting Taunts are too severe.

Aversion, like a jaundic'd Eye,
O'er all Things casts its livid Dye.

But tho' with Passion you condemn
Sage *Metis*, and her Friends contemn;
And brand for Scribblers all who write,
As Negroes paint the Devil white.
Reason and Fact——

Are on my Side,
Fierce *Folly* in a Rage reply'd;
E'en from their Cradles to their Graves,
Her grand Adepts have been our Slaves.
Abroad, altho' they seem precise,
As if their Blood was turn'd to Ice;

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• Meæ

† Cum

A-bed they lay aside their Airs,
 And a kind Mistress calms their Cares.
 Learn'd Popes, new *Rome's* almighty Lords,
 Our Vassals stand on all Records.
 Sage Patriarchs, Cardinals, adore
 Bright Science much, bright Beauty more.
 Ne'er did her Writers yet extol a Man
 For Wisdom like renowned *Solomon*;
 Yet ne'er did Mortal bow the Knee
 So low to us, my Dear, as He:
 Which shews that ablest Heads are frail,
 And steer'd, like Fishes, by the Tail.
 Her mightiest Princes ev'ry Hour
 Pay Homage to our boundless Pow'r.
 Among them all the haughtiest stoops
 To us; her Chieftains are our Dupes.
 They think their * Wealth and † Pow'r a Kind
 Of Grants, or Letters-Patent, sign'd

• *Meæ Stultitiam patiuntur opes.* *Hor.*

† *Cum potentibus ambulat amentia.* *Isocrat. Areop.*

106 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

By Fortune to the Great alone ;
 Nay, claim'd of Right by ev'ry Throne.
 For, as a *Scots* King thought the Pleasure
 Of scratching in the Itch, a Treasure
 Too great for Subjects, who, in spite
 Of Want, enjoy that high Delight ;
 So *Love* and *Folly* sure are Things
 Fit chiefly for the Joys of Kings.

I ne'er one of her Boasters knew,
 Tho' they to Learning's Summits flew,
 That would not true Allegiance bear
 To us, rejoic'd our Chains to wear ;
 And, spite of all her Guards and Fences,
 Were Idiots both in Soul and Senses.
 Nay, since bright *Eve*, from *Adam's* Side,
 Stept out, adorn'd in Beauty's Pride,
 And made him (fond to raise an Heir
 For all his Land) adore the Fair,

We

We both, from her auspicious Birth,
Have rul'd supreme o'er all the Earth.

Such Subjects *Metis* ne'er could sway;
But Us with Pleasure they obey:
For, as I think I said before,
But yet must say it o'er and o'er,
Her Dons, at Bottom, Fools appear;
And when with Rules they deaf the Ear,
Plaguing the World with Books so long
That stun the Head, tho' ne'er so strong,
They with old Saws a Racket keep,
As Stories lull a Child asleep:
While doz'd with Talk, the Soul is sunk
In Dreams, with Learning's Whimfies drunk.

To make weak Men for Sages pass,
Tortur'd, they change the human Mass;

108 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Molding their Natures and their Souls
 (As Men by Byas guide their Bowls) ;
 Teach them new Fashions, Modes, and Forms,
 And calm both Love and Anger's Storms,
 Neither to will, nor to desire,
 But as strict Reason's Laws require.
 As all view Comets best by Night,
 They blind the Eye to mend the Sight :
 And when they've laid the Man aside,
 Throw by plain Sense, and give them Pride.

Then, turn'd Philosophers, they rant
 With Terms, hard Words, and pompous Cant,
 Tho' they talk wisely, yet they act
 So ill, they turn out Fools in Fact ;
 And, spite of Volumes, Print, and Prate,
 The World looks thro' the thin Deceit.
 Tho' Scholars wear the Lion's Skin,
 Their peeping Ears shew what's within.

And

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 109

And the dull Affes, while they bray,
Detect the senseless Farce they play.

E'en Women, who make no Pretence
To such high Flights, have better Sense :
And yet the Fair, by Nature's Rules,
From mere Self-love, are fond of Fools.
Besides, they've found and found again,
That hating Fools is hating Men.

Thus 'tis your Int'rest, you may see,
To keep both Sexes rul'd by me ;
Or else, be sure, you'd seldom find
Men would be fond, or Women kind.
And therefore why so much ado,
To mold the two-leg'd Race anew ?

To try if *Metis* can compel
Or prompt your Subjects to rebel ?
To plot to open Mortal Eyes
To see their Weakness, and grow wise?

And

By

110 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

By which you'd cut the very Bough,
On which you stand so firmly now;
And, losing all your Pow'r below,
Might burn your Darts, and break your Bow.

Let not my Darling's Heart be griev'd;
For *Jove* made Men to be deceiv'd.
And 'tis o'erturning *his* Design,
If they're made wise, as well as *mine* :
But, sure as Apes from Apes proceed,
So Men and Women Fools must breed :
And 'tis mad Work to quack their Brains,
By Schemes and Quirks, which *Metis* feigns.
Let Things go on as they have done,
Our Pow'r shall then outlast the Sun ;
And ev'ry Mortal Soul shall own
They're bound true Liegemen to your Throne.

Hold, beauteous Nymph, the God replies,
The World in wild Distraction lies,

Thro'

LOVE *and* FOLLY. III

Thro' us; which *Metis*, by her Skill,
 May cure, reforming ev'ry Ill.
 She'll sow in Human Minds the Seeds
 Of Arts, by Sages whom she breeds;
 And, guiding me by grave Advice,
 Root up such Evils in a Trice.
 Marry'd to her, with joint Address,
Metis and I all Hearts shall bless:
 For Wisdom is the grand Receipt
 To make all Happiness complete.
 And from its Absence we may trace
 The Woes of half the talking Race.

Nay, all the Ills beneath the Sun,
 Which wretched Mortals over-run,
 Making this Earth a Hell of Woe,
 From that imbitter'd Fountain flow.
 That's the salt Ocean, which supplies
 The Streams that fall from show'ring Eyes:

112 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

The Source of each dull Statesman's Pain ;
 The Curse of every stupid Reign :
 That universal Gloom of Night,
 Which dims each King's or Subject's Sight ;
 Yet, sweeten'd by your conqu'ring Charms,
 Ruin looks lovely in your Arms.
 Where, like fam'd *Semele*, destroy'd,
 I sink, by fanfy'd Blifs decoy'd.

Yet, thus adoring you, I must
 To Reason, and myself, be just.
 Tho', to my Soul, thou'rt dearer far
 Than Peace to Realms distress'd by War ;
 Than Health and Ease to Men in Pain ;
 Or to the fordid Miser, Gain.
 Tho' with more Care I watch thine Eyes,
 Thy Frowns, thy Smiles, and gentle Sighs,
 Than Vestals tend the holy Fire,
 Lest sinking States with that expire ;

Yet

Yet I must own my Fears suggest
A Doubt, which quite disturbs my Breast;
That if I should adore you long,
Things in both Worlds will all go wrong.

Can you, quoth she, my Soul deceive?
Or these fond Arms deserted leave?
In Heav'n, whatever Pranks you play'd,
You ne'er was by my Counsels sway'd:
And, as for Mortals here, my Heart
Was ever prone to take their Part.
Since Man was made, till this good Hour,
I ne'er to hurt him turn'd my Pow'r.
I never brought one single Woe
On any Creature, Friend or Foe.
I hurt them?—Dear deluded Boy!
Why, all the Bliss which they enjoy;
All the Delights they know deriv'd
From me, are by my Arts contriv'd;

Yet

Q

And

114 LOVE and FOLLY.

And the worst Grievs which Men sustain,
From *Wisdom* borrow half their Pain.
As Sleep to Bodies toil'd gives Ease,
To Souls disturb'd I offer Peace.

Of most great Actions I'm the Source.
I give true Humour all its Force.
In Rich and Poor, in Old and Young,
I rule the Heart, and ride the Tongue.
I prompt grand Orators, and make
Fine Talkers talk for Talking-fake;
Without my Aid, what Man would write?
Or, who in reading would delight?
None would take Joy in endless Cares,
To gather Riches for their Heirs;
Or toil on Earth for Rags and Food,
Or plow for Gain the stormy Flood.
Who'd for a Place his Freedom sell,
Or serve his thankless Country well?

Who

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 115

Who a vain Beauty's Chains wou'd wear
Or love a Prude, because she's fair?
Who'd wed to propagate Mankind,
Sowing a Storm to reap the Wind?
Who'd sell a jointur'd Dame his Soul,
Renting a Mill to get the Toll?
What Wretch would wish for Pomp and State?
Or hug the Curse of being great?
Who'd hang (mere Dancers on the Ropes)
On Ministerial Fears or Hopes?
And strut elate, or, dash'd, look down,
As Statesmen please to smile, or frown;
Till I the pleasing Cheat have wrought,
With Fame, Wealth, Pow'r, or Beauty caught?

Without my Influence on the Head,
Would Men mind less what's done than said?
Or live on Honour's airy Name,
And barter Health and Ease for Fame?

116 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Who'd 'tend, for Fees, the noisy Bar?
Or court, for Pay, the Toils of War?
What Quack, but that I give them Fees,
Would Close-stools watch, or Pulses squeeze?
Or else, like Swine, or Woodcocks, thrust
Their Nose in Dung, as Doctors must?
What Man would quit sweet Peace at home,
On vain Preferment's Dreams to roam?
Who'd trust to Princes for Rewards?
Who'd make his Life a Game of Cards?
Who in the Globe's mad Farce would play
A Part, and be its Dupe a Day?
Who, who would with this World agree
One Hour, but just to pleasure me?

Tho' some grave Boobies may pretend
To scorn me, I'm their truest Friend.
I'm the great Fund of humble Joys,
Who charm the World with Tricks and Toys.

Without

Without me roaring Laughter dies,
 That streaming bursts at Mouth and Eyes.
 Laughter was evermore the Test
 That best distinguish'd Man from Beast :
 And 'tis in that I love to deal,
 And all its loud delightful Peal,
 That rattling mocks th'Oppressor's Grief,
 As merry Beggars scorn a Thief.

While *Jove* with one Hand Joys bestows,
 With t'other still he mingles Woes.
 High Pow'r with Danger, Parts with Pride,
 He blends, and Cares to Wealth are ty'd.
 I give my Joys unmix'd and pure,
 From the grim Tyrant *Care* secure,
 By meddling *Wisdom* undisturb'd,
 By Mischief-making Doubts uncurb'd.
 The honest Souls I love to bless,
 Ne'er think themselves into Distress:

But

But Self-content and Self-conceit
Make all my Vot'ries Blifs complete.

Without my little sportful Play,
Dark Grief on ev'ry Heart would prey.
Blind to their own, their Neighbours Faults
Had ne'er engross'd Mens Tongues and Thoughts;
Great Kings had ne'er in * Print explain'd
They could write worse than they had reign'd.
Nor had they toil'd by Parts for Shame,
Or made Men merry with their Fame.
By me both Nymphs and Swains have strove
Which should be greatest Dupes to Love.
I make Tea, Visits, Gaming, Drefs,
The Sum of Female Happiness.
When Toasts, coquetting, dance the Hays,
Thro' Masquerades, and Balls, and Plays,

* *Harry VIII. James I. Charles I.* with many other crown'd Heads, who were fonder of writing than reigning well; and, setting up for great Authors, publish'd their Works and their Follies.

Thro'

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 119

Thro' Diamonds, Clubs, and Hearts, and Spades,
Moria the sweet Triflers leads.

If 'twere not for the Pains I take,
For my dear faithful *Britons* fake,
Their Equipage, and Pomp, and State,
Had ne'er in Temper kept the Great;
Nor Eunuchs forc'd my fav'rite Isle
Amidst its gloomy Clouds to smile;
Music had there ne'er silenc'd Sense,
Nor Floods of Words drown'd Eloquence;
Nor had they known the Joy of hawling
Their Statesmen in or out by bawling.
My best-lov'd Nobles ne'er had been
So fond to kill the Demon *Spleen*,
By Dogs, Dice, Racing, Whoring, Drinking;
But all been damn'd to cursed Thinking.

Bright

Bright Nymph, says he, of Arts you boast
 You never had, or else have lost,
 These Vaunts are but the Foam and Froth
 Of Pride, got drunk, or mad, or both.
 These Tricks and Knacks you've magnify'd,
 Are by the Friends you name deny'd.
 E'en the worst Oafs agree in this,
 That *Wisdom* is their Source of Blifs.

Homage to her the Nations pay
 Submits, and recognize her Sway.
 O'er Earth she spreads her Reign, and there,
 Tho' few her stinted Bounties share,
 All bless her Kindness, and believe
 Her Gifts to them might Worlds relieve.
 Her portion'd Stores, like Manna, serv'd,
 Make all content, while none are starv'd :

And even he, who gets the least,
 Thinks he feeds high, and has a Feast.
 Of your Profusions all declare
 They never taste the smallest Share.
 Nor have I once a Mortal known,
 That would your Aid or Bounty own.
 Then how, dear Life, can you presume?—

Quoth she, and stopt him in a Fume,
 That Men, like Fools high-boasting, live
 On the poor Scraps she's pleas'd to give,
 And with base thankless Souls deny
 My Aids, I know—— And know they lye.
 But I appeal to Facts and You,
 If what I urge be false or true.
 Impartial, if you'll hear my Claim,
 You'll find their Bliss is all my Aim.

'Tis I Tranquillity bestow,
 And Men no greater Joy can know.

And

R

With

122 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

With Patience arm'd, I make them flight
 The great Man's Scorns, as Pride or Spite.
 The World's Contempt, the Wrongs of Pow'r,
 Can ne'er their happy Tempers four.
 Millions, by my befriending Aid,
 Midst all their Woes are easy made.
 Thro' me new Hopes the Pangs relieve,
 Which killing Disappointments give.
 As Happiness is but Opinion,
 Founded on Thoughts, which are within one;
 Mens Heads with few and mild, I fill,
 Sweet'ning what's bitter, harsh, or ill.

However they may be distress'd,
 I lull each gloomy Twinge to Rest.
 My *Panaceas* sooth the Soul,
 And deep Anxiety controul.
 When pain'd, 'tis Thinking's in the Fault :
 Ease ever follows Want of Thought.

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 123

For, as to make the patient Ass
Content thro' all his Toils to pass,
Jove with his earnest Pray'rs comply'd,
That * Insects ne'er should vex his Hide;
So Freedom from dark Care he blends
With all the Loads that press my Friends.

Those Ills are of the harshest Kind,
Which, edg'd by Passion, wound the Mind.
To these I use my lenient Balm,
That renders all th'Afections calm:
Or else by soothing Opiates stun
The Sense of Woes, which Life o'er-run.
Thus I the Soul's Resentments charm
To Silence, and their Rage disarm;
While, like a Nurse, asleep I rock,
My Brats, whom Wisdom strives to shock,

* This is fabled of Asses.

124 LOVE and FOLLY.

Or by the Eyes the Passions vent,
While all their Rage in Tears is spent.

So Rains the blustry Storms appease,
And smooth the Surge that swells the Seas.

I lighten Burdens, when they gall
Mankind, and *Britons* more than all.
That Pride of Heart, and Swell of Soul,
I feed, of *Albion's* Bliss the Whole.
But 'tis not unto them alone
My Cares are paid, my Love is shewn ;
For thro' the World, when Woes environ
Poor Mortals, to relieve them I run ;
And strive to help them all I can,
Fond of our darling Creature Man.

Nay, if the Body's Torments rage,
I then Disease's Pangs assuage.

I calm

I calm the Tide in ev'ry Vein,
 And sheath the wounding Edge of Pain ;
 While I my drousy Patients lull,
 And, bland, preserve them gravely dull.
Torpedo-like, Souls touch'd by me
 Are numb'd to quiet Apathy.
 With a kind Stupor mild I steel
 The sluggish Nerves, too dead to feel ;
 Or Anguish, by Diversions, ease,
 As *Orpheus* sung the Damn'd to Peace.

Besides, as Water-fowl defy
 The worst of Weather, snug and dry ;
 And, quite unruffled, can sustain
 The beating Wave, or driving Rain.
 In public Griefs Mens Minds I form
 Impervious to the raging Storm.
 When War or Famine Realms devour,
 Or Laws are made the Slaves of Pow'r ;

calm

Let

126 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Let sportive Fortune shoot those Darts
At such unfeeling Heads or Hearts ;
They either broke or blunted fall,
As Wool-sacks deaden Cannon-ball.
Achilles-like, by *Styx*'s Aid,
Firm and invulnerable made ;
Case-harden'd Tempers thus they get
From me, and Souls too mild to fret.

Often, when private Woes attack,
Our Friends, that would our Sages rack,
The Bottle and the Glafs I chuse
To banish Care, and Joy infuse.
As Ashes wet by Rain will shrink,
I wash down swelling Griefs with Drink.
Brisk circling round the sluggish Blood,
I chear the Heart's enliven'd Flood ;
And with good Wine, and humdrum Friends,
For Wrongs or Losses make amends.

Without poor Shifts of looking wife,
 Dame *Fortune's* Frowns they thus despise;
 And, like *Diogenes*, prefer
 Their Hoghead to the World and her.

My Cares Alliances cement,
 While Realms with *Lewis* live content:
 For, always fond to favour *France*,
 I fiddle, and the Nations dance.
 I dull the Nose, and stop the Ears
 To jealous Fancies, Doubts, and Fears;
 Which *Britons* stupidly suggest,
 To ruffle wretched *Europe's* Breast.

That the Globe's Broils may sometimes cease,
 I gull weak States to sue for Peace;
 And make them strive to aggrandize
 Those Foes who on their Ruin rise.

In

128 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

In others armed Hosts I keep,
 As Shepherds guard by Dogs their Sheep;
 By whose strong Curb each Monarch braves,
 And rides his spur-gall'd restive Slaves;
 While rough Republicans I awe,
 By Rules of State, and Forms of Law;
 And make them think they're blest'd and free,
 Sway'd by a Rabble, led by me.

Queen of my Heart, your Toils are great,
 Quoth *Love*, the bubbled Earth to cheat;
 And with incessant Care you seem
 To feed delusive Fancy's Dream.
 But Kings well know it takes much Skill,
 Even to manage Mortals ill.
 Whence then can you such Cunning find,
 All Hearts to cheat, all Eyes to blind?

Quoth

Quoth she, with an insulting Air,
 Man's my chief Province and my Care :
 And you've no Notion with what Ease
 I rule my Vassals as I please.
 How far a little Folly goes,
 To lead the wisest by the Nose ;
 Is the great Secret, which I'll own
 In part to you, and you alone.

While to calm trivial Minds I strive,
 Methods on Methods I contrive :
 Cullies and Cheats I make, like Friends,
 Join, to promote each other's Ends ;
 While he who bites, and he who's bit,
 Alike applaud the lucky Hit.
 Thus those who Bubbles sell or buy,
 Will the *bad* Bargain both deny.

Quoth

;

I still

130 LOVE and FOLLY.

I still supply a thousand Wants,
Patch Quarrels up, and cloke Affronts.
I change to Virtues all Defects,
Give Traitors Truth, and Zealots Sects :
And, by a Croud of Tricks and Feints,
Turn Rogues at Eighty into * Saints.

When any Friend of ours tranfacts
Affairs, I make Words conquer Facts.
I blind the Eye with what it sees,
Or tie up pension'd Tongues by Fees.
To make vain bookish Wrangles cease,
And keep the letter'd World at Peace,
I answer Proofs with Jibes and Smiles,
And help lame Truths, like Dogs o'er Stiles.

* Alluding to a late famous Catholic Rebel, who, after a tedious Life, loaded with Crimes, being assisted by his Priest, died at that Age on the Scaffold ; fully persuaded of his entering Paradise directly, or, at least, as *Mendoza* said of *Francis I.* just calling at Purgatory, only to taste their Wine.

Vide *Bayle's Dictionary*, Article *Castellanus*, Remark N.

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 131

I please rough Reason with smooth Fictions,
 And make it swallow Contradictions ;
 Rather than give those Herds of Brutes,
 The Thinkers, Handle for Disputes.
 In short, nor seen, nor understood,
 I do the World—A world of Good !

Whate'er by stingy Fate's deny'd
 To Mortals, I supply from Pride.
 I send them wholesale, borrow'd thence,
 Fame, Virtue, Beauty, Worth and Sense.
 I make the Dullest think they've Parts,
 The Homeliest hope to conquer Hearts.
 When Blockheads read, or Dunces write,
 When Women drink, or Cowards fight ;
 When Dotards marry Girls too young ;
 Or *Britons* cringe to *France* too long ;
 Still loth to vex, still fond to please,
 I ever set their Hearts at Ease ;

132 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

And make their grossest Errors seem
Less fit for Censure than Esteem.

When Patriots, after all their Zeal,
Whate'er they said before repeal;
And their Harangues to list'ning Ears
Are backwards spoke, like Witches Pray'rs;
I shew, as Lawyers, Men should plead,
By Right, for those by whom they're feed;
That most Opinions in the Brain
Ever depend on Loss and Gain;
And Guardians of the public Weal
Must think according as they feel.

Hence they find Places virtual Cures
For all the Ills the State endures.
And as each Grumbler barks and roars,
Like Dogs by Night shut out of Doors,

Just

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 133

Just to get in, and shews his Care,
By howling, tho' the Weather's fair ;
If long they watch and howl, and then
Get in, they act like honest Men ;
Since Howling is the only Way
For ev'ry Dog to have his Day.
And none blame Statesmen, but in spite ;
As Pow'r is always in the right.

When Admirals, out of private Hate,
Sail, anchor, fight, pursue, retreat ;
When Commodores from bad grow worse,
Or keep their Courage in their Purse ;
When Gen'als, frightened, run away,
And Thieves and Cow-herds win the Day ;
Courts-Martial by my Tricks I gain,
To purge away the loathsome Stain.

134 LOVE and FOLLY.

So Slaves fee'd * Surgeons to erase
The deep-seam'd Brand that mark'd their Face.
I keep the emptiest Coxcombs pert;
Lend worthless Puppies high Desert;
Who, if they knew Mens Thoughts, would save
The Shame, and leap into the Grave.

I make poor Slaves contented bear
Their Lot of Sorrow, Pain, and Care.
I give tame Cuckolds easy Lives,
While other Men enjoy their Wives.
I keep desponding Knaves serene,
And call the Stings of Conscience *Spleen*.

* The *Romans*, when they caught their fugitive Slaves, used to brand them in their Foreheads; and when such Slaves afterwards grew rich and powerful, they had Surgeons, who practised the Art of taking off those Brands. *Pliny*, l. 29. c. 6. tells us some of their Receipts: And *Dioscorides*, Lib. 1. *Parabulum*, Cap. 116. also tells the Method taken in such Cases. See also *Martial*, Lib. 6. *Epig.* 64. and Lib. 10. *Epig.* 56. where he mentions *Cinnamus* and *Heros*, as two famed Practitioners in this Art.

I reconcile the vilest Elves,
 Unrival'd, to adore themselves ;
 When, holding up my flatt'ring Glafs,
 Miscreants disguis'd for Heroes pass.
 Thus many a Wretch I, ev'ry Hour,
 Sooth, as fit Slaves to raise your Pow'r ;
 Since all, tho' for Abhorrence born,
 Will love, in spite of Beauty's Scorn ;
 And yet, for haughty *Metis* you
 Would bid the best of Friends Adieu ;
 Would sacrifice the fondest Maid
 That e'er your perjur'd Vows betray'd.

She spoke, and, furious, vents loud Sighs,
 That from her stormy Breast arise ;
 While *Love* sat trembling to engage
 The blust'ring Gusts that swell'd her Rage.

So,

136 LOVE and FOLLY.

So, when the * God the Mountain shook,
The Winds their hollow Cave forsook ;
While Ocean, from its furthest Shore,
Confounded, heard the Tempest roar.

* Alluding to *Æolus*, in *Virgil's 1st Æneid*.



C A N T O



C A N T O III.

O H Thou! whom ev'ry Grace attends!
Oh Thou! whom ev'ry Muse befriends!

Whose shining Wit my Song hath fir'd,
And thy great Talents half inspir'd!

Pollio! whose Thirst for doing Good,
Proves thy Heart noble as thy Blood!

Let thy too anxious Soul forbear
To lend lov'd *Albion* all thy Care,
Her Hopes to raise, her Fears to sink,
Nor for ungrateful Nations think;

While moral Lays unbend a Mind
Form'd to adorn and serve Mankind.

As Wars are wag'd by Guns and Swords,
Disputes are Battles fought with Words;

T

Where

138 LOVE and FOLLY.

Where they who shew the strongest Lungs,
And roar like Cannon with their Tongues ;
With stunning Noise o'erwhelm their Foes,
For Words can kill as well as Blows.

Nay, Clamour, and the Din of Prate,
Secure Success in each Debate.

For, as at *Troy Jove's* Thunders shew'd
On which Side Conquest he bestow'd ;
So here, in Truth's contested Fray,
Who bellow loudest win the Day.
Let this excuse the brawling Song ;
Folly's Disputes are loud and long.

Silent sat *Cupid* in Amaze,
While his fond Eyes on *Folly* gaze :
For, daunted, -as he knew the Sex,
And fear'd her fiery Soul to vex,
He doubted whether he should yield
To her tempestuous Tongue the Field.

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 139

At length his little Heart grew stout,
 Resolv'd to fight the Battle out;
 For Danger is the quickest School
 To beat some Sense into a Fool.
 So, fond to be both safe and wise,
 Thus to the Dame the God replies.

Moria, still your Tongue o'ershoots
 Both Rhyme and Reason in Disputes.
 But this is your Pindaric Way
 Of talking, careless what you say.
 Would you persuade me Black is White,
 That Right is Wrong, that Day is Night?
 Tho' I'm no Scholar; for indeed
 It hurts my Eyes to write or read:
 Yet Reason tells me, your Defence
 Clashes with Fact and common Sense.
 Don't think *Jove's* Threats can lead astray
 My Thoughts, or byass what I say.

140 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

But all your Talk appears to me
 A fine declaiming Rhapsody.
 Think you I do not know the Good,
 Which *Wisdom*, since *Deucalion's* Flood,
 Has wrought upon this Globe's great Stage,
 Reforming ev'ry Race and Age?
 How her learn'd Men, Wits, Heroes, Bards,
 Whose Toils such tow'ring Fame rewards,
 And Statesmen, with all Arts combin'd,
 Have help'd the World, and bless'd Mankind?

To them, and Souls she warms, Men owe
 All they invent, think, talk, or know;
 All that from Contemplation springs,
 That scales the Heav'ns with airy Wings;
 Whate'er Philosophy contrives
 To rule the Croud, or form their Lives.
 All that was ever done or writ,
 By mortal Man's immortal Wit.

What-

Whatever Genius can inspire,
That, like *Prometheus*, steals its Fire
From the great God of Light and Day,
To animate the human Clay ;
All the Enlargement of the Mind,
Vast Plans, wise Laws, and Thoughts refin'd ;
From those great Springs and Fountains flow,
T' enrich the barren Earth below.

She lifts their Spirits near the Skies,
And makes them happy, great, and wise ;
That oft we find but trivial Odds
'Twixt Heroes fam'd, and Demi-gods.
What calms the Heart, or mounts the Soul,
To stretch huge Empires to the Pole ;
Whate'er can charm, whate'er can shine ;
All that in Mortals seems divine :
High soaring Views, and wondrous Arts ;
All the Effects of boundless Parts :

All

142 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

All that's prodigious, all that's bright,
 In sweet Imagination's Flight ;
 Have sprung from Minds which she admits
 In the first Class of mighty Wits,
 When, fir'd by her, to Heights they soar,
 Which Genius never reach'd before.
 Shall *Envy* then learn'd *Wisdom* blame,
 And, raging, stain her spotless Fame?
 When she's the Source of all, my Dear,
 That's great, or good, or lovely here.

Quoth *Folly*, That is yet to try :
Metis has done more Harm than I :
 And, if her Counsels you pursue,
 She'll overturn the World and you.
 Consider how the Globe she sways,
 And what mad Pranks the *Beldam* plays.
 As horned Moons controul the Tides,
 O'er Arms and Empires she presides.

When

When Storms the sinking World o'erwhelm,
 She sleeps or blunders at the Helm.
 Their Kings, who ruin Nations, own
 Their Conduct form'd by her alone.
 States, Diets, Parliaments, aver,
 Their wildest Votes are fram'd by her.
 She points Mens Speeches, Pens, and Swords;
 She sits supreme at Council-Boards,
 And consecrates the Nonsense still
 That tallies with their Tyrant's Will.

In *Rome* she fills the holy Chair;
Turks swear their *Musti*'s all her Care.
 The *Chinese* think with them she dwells,
 Shav'd Monks confine her to their Cells.
 Each *Pagod* in *Japan* she gilds:
 In *Europe* *Peter's* Dome she builds.
 * *Bramins* and * *Bonzes* both proclaim,
 She gives them Temples, Pow'r, and Fame:

The

* A Kind of Moral Priests and Monks in the *East-Indies*.

The *Jesuits* plotting Tribe pretends
 'Tis she that gains them Wealth and Friends ;
 While *Quakers* by the Spirit vow
 She dwelleth in their Thee and Thou.
 Yet all I've nam'd, so grave ! so wise !
 Are plainly *Fools* in others Eyes.

Averse to *France, Danes, Swedes, and Poles,*
 One while she hectors then cajoles.
 At *Moscow, Berlin, Turin, Hague,*
 She plans the Peace, or forms the League.
Madrid, Vienna, London's sway'd
 By her——And thence the World's betray'd.
 She, the mad Foundrefs of each War,
 Makes fierce contending Princes jar.
 Hence Waste and Blood blot ev'ry Reign,
 And slaughter'd Myriads bleed in vain.
 Hence, when rank Fools set up for Knaves,
 Weak Kings keep plighted Oaths by Halves;

While

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 145

While help'd by her low Arts and Tricks,
They bolster up their Politics.

On Virtue's blund'ring in Extremes,
She forms as ill, Life's private Schemes;
Pretending to improve Mankind,
And raise above our Toys the Mind.
For what can Men to *Wisdom* owe,
With all its Boasts and outward Shew?
To mend the Judgment by her Art,
She spoils the Temper and the Heart.
As Quacks drive small Disorders out,
By throwing Men into the Gout,
She gives them (trifling Ills to cure)
The Spleen, and Pride's hot Calenture.
Nay, all who courted her have curs'd
The fatal Day they knew her first.
Whoe'er address'd her long, have griev'd
To find their Toils and Hopes deceiv'd;

U

And

146 LOVE and FOLLY.

And own'd, like *Brutus**, foil'd and slain,
They woo'd an empty Name in vain.

Wisdom, quoth *Love*, hath no Defence
Against keen Satires Virulence.
As Health, or Vigour, Strength, or Youth,
Can ne'er resist the Viper's Tooth;
So, spite of all her Charms, the Gall
Of venom'd Tongues may blast them all.
Yet will impartial Minds confess,
Metis must all her Vot'ries bless;
While, by her ruling Counsels safe——
They're gull'd!——quoth *Folly*, in a Chafe.
With Falshood's flatt'ring Arts she charms
Her blinded Lovers to her Arms.
Who, having try'd the subtle Cheat,
Find her conceal'd Defects too late.

* Vide *Plutarch* in *Bruto*, and *Luc. Florus*, l. 4. c. 7. for this Speech
of that great and excellent Patriot.

Yet each Defect augments her Pride ;
 Thus darkeſt Moons moſt ſwell the Tide.
 As after greateſt Ebbs the Sea
 Flows ever higheſt, ſo does ſhe ;
 And tho' her Beauty's in the Wane,
 Her very Wrinkles make her vain.

If ſearch'd, her *Gorgon's* Head, youll find,
 Turns Men to Stone, or ſtrikes them blind.
 Unmask'd, you'll ſee, for Bloom and Grace,
 The patch'd-up Ruins of a Face :
 Old Griefs for Charms, old Age for Youth ;
 For Candour Tricks, Deceit for Truth.
 For Penetration, raſh Surmiſe ;
 For Health, Diſorder or Diſguiſe ;
 For deep-laid Counſels, little Arts
 High Pow'r to gain and ſhew great Parts.
 For, as the Potions, Drugs, and Pills,
 That croud th'Apothecary's Bills,

148 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Serve more to swell the Doctor's Wealth,
Than give his beggar'd Patients Health;
So all this cunning Shaver means,
By serving Man, is private Gains.

Yet, while by Recipes and Rules,
She rides the World, and thrives by Fools;
This learn'd Physician, with her Skill
To cure the Sick, is ever ill.
With all her sweet mellifluous Balm,
The Soul to lull, the Heart to calm;
With her high Vaunts of Peace of Mind,
Like vast * *Olympus*, safe from Wind,
Within her Breast wild Earthquakes growl,
That break her Rest, and shake her Soul.

* The Antients held, that, on the Top of the Mountain *Olympus*, whose Summits reach'd above the Clouds, there was a perpetual Calm; and that if one writ in the Ashes of the Sacrifices offered there, the Letters would remain undisturb'd for Ages. Vide *Apul. de Deo Socratis*, & *de Mundo*, & *Lucan*, Lib. 2. V. 286. & *Claud. de Mal. Theod. Conf.*

Herself

Herself and others she torments
 With bosom'd Griefs and Discontents ;
 Tho' boasting that her Skill bestows
 Strange magic Cures for human Woes.
 But as an Alchymist, that brags
 Of Secrets to impregnate Bags,
 Making his Fools of Wealth secure,
 Leaves them midst fanfy'd Millions poor ;
 So she, pretending to possess
 Whate'er can charm, relieve, or bless ;
 Her Wretches bubbles and misleads,
 Who find how ill her Skill succeeds.

Yet she's so practis'd in Deceits,
 That those who cheat Mankind she cheats.
 For tho' I've known her many a Day,
 Half-rotted by a deep Decay,
 She makes her letter'd Tribes declare
 Her Charms are all beyond Compare.

150 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Tho', while with endless Toil and Pain,
She blinds her Eyes, and dries her Brain,
Her Constitution grows so weak,
Each Hour her Beauty seems to break.

By Vapours sunk, and Length of Days,
Hard * Study on her Features preys,
From Surfeits got thro' Cold and Heat,
By talking long, and reading late;
And therefore, with affected Grace,
She paints and plasters up her Face,
To cloke it, and the Scars the Plough
Of Time has furrow'd on her Brow.
Yet thus, by Ointments help'd and Salves,
She only shews herself by Halves ;

* As *Wisdom* seems, instead of improving by Time, to be much on the Decay in the World, so few Things have occasioned that Evil more than a wild promiscuous reading all Authors, without either a true Taste for their Beauties, or a strong Digestion for throwing off their Crudities.

As

As * *Hannibal* the Painter bid
To draw him with his blind Side hid.

So, while the full Moon looks so bright,
Her darker Disk evades our Sight.

Pinch'd by her Wants, in Thefts she deals,
Which with such subtle Art she veils,
That, tho' from others Labours prone
To steal, she vends them for her own.
Her † Robes of State, of which she brags,
Are Patch-work Coats made up of Rags;

* *Hannibal*, who had lost his Right-eye, would only be painted in Profile, to hide that Defect: And all Maintainers of favourite Opinions, Systems, or Hypothesis, use the same Method; they shew their Beauties, and hide their Weaknesses, with the utmost Care and Disingenuity.

† It must be confess'd, to the Scandal of the greatest Geniuses, that they have been poor enough to borrow from others, in their noblest Works or Robes of State, as *Folly* calls them. Nay, the most celebrated Authors have been convicted of terrible Plagiarisms. If it were not painful to give Proofs of this, the most famous Poets, as well as the best Philosophers, might be named here, with the strongest Evidence against them.

While,

much
Evil
her a
g off

As

While, like a *Daw, with Feathers trick'd,
 Which from all Tribes of Birds she pick'd,
 She struts about, and trims her Pride,
 With Scraps from borrow'd Plumes supply'd;
 Plund'ring the Living and the Dead
 Of all they spoke, or writ, or read,
 Of each odd Vision, Whim, or Hint,
 That dies in Talk, or sleeps in Print.
 She acts a babbling Player's Part
 With others Writings got by Heart.

Beauteous *Moria*, *Love* replies,
 In vain you lash the Learn'd and Wise,
 Who the most public Spirit shew,
 And help, by Books, both Friend and Foe.
 Rich Stores they gather round with Care,
 And leave the World their gen'ral Heir.

* *Horace* has made this Daw more famous than *Æsop*.

Nifi forte suas repetitum venerit olim
 Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula rifum
 Furtivis nudata Coloribus. *Epist. l. 1. Epist. 3.*

Men

Men to their Sons Estates transmit,
 But to the Globe their Works of Wit :
 Yet you traduce their gen'rous Toil,
 And with opprobrious Terms revile
Metis, whose Heav'n-born Arts have done
 More Good to Mortals than the Sun.

Tho' Envy may each Grace deform,
 And raise against true Worth a Storm ;
 Yet, while its Rage, like *Ætna*, tries
 To dart its Venom at the Skies,
 On its own Head its Efforts turn,
 Of its own Ashes made the Urn :
 And when the black'ning Tempest's o'er,
 True Worth, like Heav'n, shines out the more.

Metis has been the vivid Source
 From which all Virtues take their Course.
 The Bliss Mankind from her derives,
 Both calms and dignifies their Lives.

154 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

She proves in ev'ry learned Page——

Her Lyes!——quoth *Folly*, in a Rage.

With all her Boasts of serving Men,

By faithful Counsels, or her Pen,

She's Discord's Source, whose Seeds she sows,

Whence Harvests rise of various Woes.

In all religious Suits the Chief,

She feeds the Cause, and draws the Brief;

Vending false Knowledge for a Curse,

To make bad Understandings worse.

She scatters round, with Fury blind,

Fierce Contests, which distract the Mind.

Her Peddling in religious Points

Both Piety and Faith disjoins.

By Wrangles, losing Truth, her Schoolmen,

With hard Words in its Place befool Men.

Whose Learning, like a Curtain, keeps

Light from the Eyes, while Conscience sleeps.

By

By fine Delusions, quite her own,
 All Creeds are in Confusion thrown.
 What Doctrines are so wild, which she
 Has not confirm'd by her Decree?
 Errors and Doubts, that owe their Birth
 To her, with Troubles fill the Earth.
 By Fallacies and Syllogisms,
 Forming Dissensions, Broils, and Schisms,
 She, with feign'd Proofs to hide her Drifts,
 As Int'rest prompts, Opinions shifts.
 With her odd Heresies and Tenets,
 Men caught, as Rabbits are by Hay-nets,
 Rush on to Ruin thro' Deceits,
 That oft dispeople Realms and States,
 By Fire and Sword, by which the Laws
 Fence round the weak Side of their Cause:
 For Danger best prevents Dispute,
 Where those can kill, who can't confute.

By

X 2

Nay,

156 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Nay, fond to brawl, and prone to scold,
 In philosophic Feuds grown old ;
 There Herds of fiercer Sects she breeds,
 Who fight for Systems as for Creeds ;
 And form Disputes, as Truth were fated
 Like Bulls, not fit for Food till bated.
 With Plenums, Vacuums, Suns and Stars,
 The Elements primeval Jars ;
 With Atoms, and their frantic Dance ;
 With Worlds produc'd by *Jove*, or Chance ;
 With Grammar, Phyfic, Logic, Law,
 Thund'ring, she keeps the Earth in Awe ;
 And raves and roars, poor Souls to pose
 With Proofs, Objections, Con's and Pro's ;
 While Pedants set her Wares to Sale,
 And Pennyworths to Brats retail.
 Strange Strife and Uproar she creates,
 Stunning the Globe with wild Debates,

And

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 157

And all Things in a Chaos throws,
Confus'd, as that from which they rose.

E'en her grand Moralists will raise
Wars on each Axiom, Word, or Phrase ;
And, barely from a secret Love
To contradict, and 'fend and prove,
Out of mere Nothings she will make
A Squabble, just for Squabbling-fake.
So much those Sages love Dispute too,
They'd wrangle for their Souls with *Pluto*.
As some Men drink till Reason's funk,
Just for the Joy of getting drunk,
She makes them read, and write, and prate,
To feed her Passion for Debate.
In short, for ev'ry Trifle fierce,
She'd overturn the Universe ;
And on slight Grounds, with Hopes and Fears,
Set Earth and Heaven by the Ears.

And

While,

158 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

While, minding neither Wrong nor Right,
Her Factions for mere Conquest fight.

Whether with solemn Airs she looks,
Or statelier prints herself in Books ;
And in old Tongues, like Mummies dead,
Whole Ages loves her Whims to spread ;
Whether in Systems proud to rise,
She spins fine Cobwebs for her Flies ;
Or with quaint Thoughts her Visions plans,
Inventions coins ; and Sots trapans ;
Avowing she'll inlarge the Grounds
Of Knowlege, and extend its Bounds ;
Yet, tho' employ'd from Age to Age,
Acting her Farce on ev'ry Stage ?
What did this Trickster pray produce since,
Not found by Time a public Nuisance ?
Improving Science as Commanders,
Do War's infernal Trade in *Flanders* ;

Where,

Where, to the Ruin of Mankind,
A Nation's sunk, an Art's refin'd.

The lib'ral Arts, quoth *Love*, I know,
To *Metis* their Enlargements owe.
All, nurtur'd, from their earliest Birth,
By her have civiliz'd the Earth.
Nations on her strong Basis rais'd,
For high Attainments have been prais'd.
'Twas she brought home the Golden Fleece
Of Arts, that long ennobled *Greece*.
She the great Writers form'd, from whom
Sprung the vast Fame of letter'd *Rome*.
The deep-learn'd Sages she has bred,
Thro' barb'rous Realms have Knowledge spread,
And, with huge Stores of Science fraught,
Improv'd the happy Souls they taught.

Quoth *Folly*, They themselves confess
Her Ignorance and Emptiness.

E'en

160 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

E'en * *Socrates*, whose Age, whose Youth,
 Were spent in courting her and Truth,
 'The soberest Fool of all her Crew,
 Vow'd he knew nothing—and 'twas true.
 Wife † *Pyrrho*, that exalted Name,
 By this Confession rose to Fame ;
 Owing Mankind can't rear on high
 Learning's wild *Babel* to the Sky.
 Hence Tribes of ‡ Academics rose,
 To boastful Science honest Foes ;
 Avouching all her letter'd Schemes
 Were Ropes of Sand, or waking Dreams.

* This admirable Man and Philosopher used to say, as *Laertius* tells us, that he knew nothing but that he knew nothing.

† This Philosopher and his Followers profess'd doubting of every thing ; that there is nothing certain ; and that Men only judge of Truth and Falshood by Appearances, which deceive them, and lead them into Error.

‡ This Sect of Philosophers embraced the Opinion of *Socrates* and *Plato*, as to the Uncertainty of Knowledge, and the Incomprehensibility of Truth.

They

LOVE *und* FOLLY. 161

They saw that, after all their Toils,
Truth, like an Hare, her Hunters foils,
That, doubling o'er the tainted Grounds,
Steals to her Form, and 'scapes the Hounds.

Thus her chief Sages own, you see,
The Charge that's brought and prov'd by me.
Yet this vain Creature, and her Sects,
Will talk of Causes and Effects;
Of Reason, Truth, and Argument,
And Science in its whole Extent;
Of Matter, Motion, Nature's Works,
And all th'Abysses where she lurks;
As if they'd been at *Jove's* Right-hand,
When his vast Scheme of Worlds he plann'd;
Pretending to account for all
He made around or in this Ball.

Y

By

162 LOVE and FOLLY.

By * Notions dark, and Terms for Show,
Explaining what they never know:
And yet the Cheat sees well enough
That all this Talk is senseless Stuff;
And that these Boasts are just to sway
The Croud, and make the World their Prey.
In hope, as Dogs by Strings the Blind
Can lead, her Tools may guide Mankind.

Withal, addicted much to change,
Thro' various Systems fond to range;
With this, with that, her Soul's engross'd,
And her last Error charms her most.
Now, wasting of her Eyes, she looks
On old exploded musty Books.
The † Dress and Fashion she affects
Of *Aristotle's* freight-lac'd Sects.

* This is one main Objection against the Peripatetics, which the
Moderns, and the *Cartesians* particularly, justly reproach them with.

† The old and new Philosophy.

All but their antique Garb and Modes,
 As Forms new-fangled, she explodes;
 Still stitching up their Rags, and darning
 With some poor Patch their Thread-bare Learning.
 Tho' their worst Fancies she approv'd,
 Yet quick as Scenes in Plays are mov'd,
 'Gainst all but modern Drefs and Airs
 This mighty Judge of Things declares :
 Then, her old Tatters thrown aside,
 New Robes her beggar'd State must hide.
 New Stays her crooked Shape must veil,
 And her old Face new Masks conceal.

The Antients now despis'd, she tries,
 Like modern Belles, to charm the Eyes.
 Her Thoughts with fine Attractions swarm;
 For modish Fripp'ries fondly warm.
 She puts on Garments slight and prim,
 Alter'd and chang'd by each new Whim.

164 LOVE and FOLLY.

Thus with fresh Flights the Wretch repeats
 To the gull'd World her vary'd Cheats.
 Now this buoys up, now that subsides,
 As Moon-ey'd *Fancy* shifts her Tides ;
 When, floating on Opinion's Stream,
 She follows each delusive Dream.
 From Lye to Lye she runs away,
 And each the Truth that rules the Day ;
 While True and False, and Wrong and Right,
 Shake Hands, and go to Rest at Night ;
 And, like Men laid in ill-made Beds,
 Oft change their Sides, and turn their Heads.

Ador'd *Moria*, *Cupid* cry'd,
 This Rage is all but jealous Pride.
 You know your Influence sinks and fails
 Where *Metis* o'er the Heart prevails.
 As * *Pollux* gallops down the Skies,
 Where * *Castor*'s Beams emerging rise ;

Left

* Two Stars in the Constellation *Gemini*, in the Zodiac, one of which always sets when the other rises.

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 165

Lest she should now supply your Place,
 You brand her, and her letter'd Race;
 Tho' their learn'd Toils new Glories lend
 To Mortals, and their Joys extend.
 With so divine a Confort blest'd,
 Serene Delights will chear my Breast;
 Will make Heav'n's Feuds about us cease,
 And give poor Lovers endless Peace;
 Must calm *Jove's* Ire, who'll then decree
 Bliss to the weary'd World and me.

While Fury in her Visage burn'd,
 Thus to the God the Nymph return'd.

Do not such flatt'ring Thoughts believe:
Metis will all your Hopes deceive.
 Not the much menac'd Rage of *Jove*
 Can sink so low the Pow'r of *Love*,

As

Lest
 one of

166 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

As she, who all her Arts employs
 To pall our Blifs, and damp our Joys.
 Mind not her Cant—I'll pawn my Life,
 She'll prove a most outrageous Wife.
 In blaming others, so austere !
 Herself in praising, so sincere !
 So ostentatious, when she shews
 The wretched Trifles which she knows,
 That when by Chance she's in the Right,
 None will believe her, out of Spite !
 And one would any Hell prefer
 To that of being damn'd to her.

Her Scraps of Science make her proud :
 She's ever meddling, rash, and loud ;
 Spite of her humble Speeches, vain ;
 Spite of her Grandeur, base and mean ;
 Tho' fond to talk, averse to hear ;
 For Trifles lash'd, yet prone to sneer.

Alike

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 167

Alike for Weakness fam'd and Pride,
She scorns her Faults to cure or hide.

She is so fretful, that 'tis rare
She can content good Fortune bear.
As Drunkards see Things double, so
Her Sense augments and trebles Woe.
Her common Trick is to prolong
False Hopes, and lead blind Mortals wrong.
With all her Mildness, she's severe ;
With all her Frankness, unsincere.
With all her Smiles, she'll frown and lour ;
With all her Sweetness, crosses and four.
With all her Truth, a perjur'd Lyar,
That proves whate'er you please for Hire,
And her blind Wrath, like Cannon, bends
Where he who feeds her Rage intends.
Empty, tho' pert ; and stiff, tho' poor ;
With her loud Virtue quite a Whore.

Her

Alike

168 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Her Worth weigh fairly, and you'll find
All is but Outside, Talk and Wind ;
Nothing that's solid ; and yet Men
Take all on Trust she's pleas'd to pen.

A Banker thus his Gain promotes,
Tho' all he's worth lies out in Notes :
And while his Shop false Credit fills,
Breaks, while his Dupes protest his Bills.

As for her deep-learn'd Clerks, the Elves
Fall out so much among themselves,
Content with what I said before,
I'm loth to lash the Scribblers more ;
But leave the Dolts to stand or fall
By what all Writers say of all.
For, when a Book comes out in Print,
Some other shews there's nothing in't.

And

And Authors, Authors so revile,
 For want of Judgment, Wit, or Stile,
 That half the Works of these *Draw-cansirs*,
 Like Chancery-Suits, are Bills and Answers.
 These, with the most unbridled Rage,
 Their Rivals blast in ev'ry Page.
 And, as an honest Man, believes
 A Thief, when he impeaches Thieves,
 Altho' 'twas from some private Grudge,
 He swears their Thefts before the Judge ;
 So we should such fierce Critics trust,
 Tho' 'tis their Spleen that makes them just.

By plain Experience too you'll find
 Their Charge allow'd by all Mankind.
 Could Books give Sense, yet their Excess
 Shackles its Force, and makes it less.
 As Exercise builds Bodies strong,
 But breaks them if 'tis us'd too long ;

Z

Hence

And

170 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Hence her great Book-worms, while they pore
 On Folio's tumbled o'er and o'er,
 Cramm'd with the Plunder of the Schools,
 Prove, among active Men, but Fools.
 Great Learning, tho' for Help design'd,
 Obscures, while it assists the Mind.
 As Spectacles, to aid weak Eyes,
 To Letters give so large a Size,
 Men, blinded by their borrow'd Sight,
 See nothing in its native Light.
 To Shade and Solitude they fly,
 Like Owls that wing the Midnight-Sky,
 In Darknefs skill'd to find their Way,
 They hunt by Night, and doze by Day :
 And thence the Owl is doom'd so fit
 On sage *Minerva's* Helm to fit.

Wisdom's chief Lovers, charm'd with Books,
 Court her in dumb Shew, just by Looks ;

And

And stand like Mutes among the Letters,
 Dead * silent, when before their Betters ;
 Tho' Truth's that Sun, on whose bright Rays
 Their winking Eyes dare never gaze.
 These Sots love Authors, as, by Night,
 We prize each glimm'ring Taper's Light.
 But, as, ere now, I said, they deal
 In little Scraps they filch and steal :
 Their Skill, as Thieves dark Lanthorns keep,
 They use for Thefts while others sleep :
 Yet, spite of all that they purloin,
 They're ever poor in ready Coin.

Great Writers, when oppos'd, become
 Like Guns on batter'd Bastions, dumb.
 Their Learning sinks, nor can they stand
 By their high Notions, when they're scann'd.

* Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,
 Et studiis annos septem dedit, infenuitque
 Libris & Curis, statuâ taciturnius exit
 Plerumque, & risu populum quatit. *Hor. Epist. l. 2. Epist. 2.*

172 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Mens Brains grow giddy when they climb
 To Heights for Mortals too sublime;
 And equal Bound'ries are assign'd
 As Limits to the soaring Mind.
 Hence Souls, with airy Wings, that fly,
 Ranging the wide-expanded Sky,
 Grow quite as blind with too much Light,
 As theirs who wander in the Night;
 And, lost in all the Blaze of Day,
 Rove as uncertain of their Way.

Your walking Libraries are found,
 Like huge Ships, soon to run aground;
 Or sail like Logs upon the Deep,
 With their own Burthens rock'd asleep.
 Such heavy Hulks suit ill with Trade,
 Of Rocks, and Shoals, and Sands afraid;
 So frequent rot in Port at Ease,
 While lighter Vessels skim the Seas.

Fair

Fair Charmer, cry'd the God, perplex'd,
 And with her endless Clamours vex'd,
 You treat, with undistinguish'd Spite,
 Both all who read, and all who write.
 How can you, Nymph, with Venom fall
 On her grand Clerks disdaining all?
 Hard is their Fate, who with such Pain,
 Such Rack and Labour of the Brain,
 Produce bright Works, yet know they're born
 Vain Fools to pleasure and adorn:
 So tortur'd Oysters breed their Pearls
 To dangle in the Ears of Girls.
 Yet Envy owns the Books they've writ
 Shew Depth of Thought, and Reach of Wit.
 They stand, as Monuments, to show
 How far high Parts and Knowledge go:
 And they who read them much, must find
 They're great Improvers of the Mind.

Fair

Quoth

Quoth she, The Learn'd themselves maintain
Writing's but Pride, and Reading Pain ;
And all that from their Books they get
Is Grief, Toil, Trouble, and Regret :
Yet, trav'ling both with equal Speed,
Strong Fools will write, weak Fools will read.
Thus following Truth with headlong Heat,
Mere Phantoms all their Labours cheat ;
While gull'd, they find what they pursu'd
Was but its false Similitude.

So Sportsmen, over Hedge and Ditch,
Oft hunt a Hare, and catch a Witch.

Your grave Page-Peepers, while they think,
As Men get drunk who swill down Drink,
All must grow Connoisseurs and wise,
Who eat up Volumes with their Eyes ;

And

And as great *Turks* Seraglio's use
 Rather for Prisons than for Stews,
 In grand Museums Tomes confine,
 Where less for Use than Pomp they shine;
 Shew, by their sheepish Airs, their Pains
 Hurt both their Breeding and their Brains.
 That Learning all the pompous Charms
 It gives, by aukward Airs disarms;
 Nor station'd in a public Post,
 Can they true Parts or Science boast:
 But, laugh'd at for their treasur'd Knowledge,
 Shame by their sneaking Looks their College.
 So Misers, tho' they've cramm'd their Bags,
 Appear abroad in Dirt and Rags.

Each Wretch, while Loads of Stuff he reads,
 Gets Sounds for Sense, and Words for Deeds.
 And when his Labours he'd reduce
 To something for his Country's Use,

The

The mighty Mountain of his Head
Of some poor Mouſe is brought to Bed.

Students, like Divers, ſearch around
For hidden Wealth in Depths profound ;
But as, in Heaps while Oyſters rot,
Few Pearls are by the Wretches got ;
So Reading little Knowledge brings,
And Scholars find Books empty Things.
Nay, all who there for Wiſdom ſeek,
By *Latin* Treasures help'd, or *Greek*,
As well may hope to find Gold Mines
Where the divining * Rod inclines ;
Or ſearch for that tranſmuting † Stone,
Look'd for by Crouds, but found by none.
Who, after all their Coſt and Cant,
See their Toils end in Smoak and Want.

* For this ſuppoſed Method of diſcovering Mines, ſo long and ſo
idly believed and practiſed, ſee the Article *Virgula Divina*, in *Cham-*
bers's Cyclopædia.

† The Philoſophers Stone, that it is pretended turns all Metals into
Gold.

For

Jove knows the Reservoirs are small,
Which plodding Pedants Learning call ;
And the poor Fountains whence they're fed
By Drops creep to their weedy Bed :
Yet were they like the Ocean wide,
Spreading their Depths on ev'ry Side,
E'en he who has the greatest Thirst,
Altho' he drink until he burst,
Can swill down but a stinted Part:
Each Bottle only holds its Quart.

None have less Knowlege than great Readers,
As none less Health than monstrous Feeders.
And as when Men have gone astray,
Who in wide Forests lose their Way ;
The more thro' winding Paths they roam,
They ramble further still from home ;

A a

And

g and fo
in Cham-
etals into

Jove

178 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

And must, with double Pain and Toil,
Like puzzled Hounds, make out the Foil;
Thus poring Fops, with different Books,
So throw their Judgment off the Hooks,
Devious they stray from Morn to Night,
Uncertain which is wrong or right.

Some rack their Brains, and dim their Eyes,
In separating Truths from Lyes:
To treat of Knowledge, and its Parts,
Squaring the Circle of all Arts.
Cyclopædias thus confine,
Still varying Truth in every Line;
Which, like Quick-silver changing Shapes,
From all their Chymic Skill escapes.

Nay, ev'ry Corpus, System, Code,
Which both their Shelves and Heads o'erload,

Yet

Are but an ill digested Heap
Of Fancies lulling Men to Sleep :
Who, when at last they waken find,
Truth veers with ev'ry Breath and Wind.
Their Works, by Time's severer Test,
Shew Human Knowledge is a Jest ;
For, after all their Labours past,
Their Truths are found plain Lyes at last ;
When, in another Age or two,
Old Doctrines drop, and up start new.

So when huge Ruins tumble down,
Men gather Stuff to build a Town.
The Bricks and Stones are all the same,
But alter'd quite in Shape and Frame :
And tho' rebuilt by painful Men,
Their Town in time falls down again.

Thus Learning, whence vain *Metis* boasts
 She forms of Sages pompous Hofts,
 From me, at Bottom, often springs,
 Who frequent imp its idle Wings ;
 While, like a Paper-Kite, confin'd
 With Strings, I keep it up by Wind ;
 And please poor Gapers, who, from far,
 Take its bright Lantern for a Star.

Fair Nymph, quoth *Cupid*, you betray
 More Spite than Sense in all you fay.
 As Merit stirs up envious Wrath,
 You hate learn'd *Wisdom* like a *Goth*.
 And as the Bat the Sun's bright Ray
 Detests, and dares not fly by Day ;
 But spreads its Leathern Wings by Night,
 As favouring most its purblind Sight ;

So

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 181

So you the Glory *Metis* throws
On Mortals, loath, and loath'd expose;
As in her Absence you alone,
Like *Turks*, keep half the World your own.

But granting all you've said were true,
Against learn'd Men, and *Metis* too;
Yet modern Poets, who have writ
With so much Spirit, Skill, and Wit,
And with unrivall'd Grace and Force
Rid the bright Muses fiery Horse,
You can't pretend from you are sprung,
With all the wond'rous Things they've sung.

Those lofty Bards, whose Labours shine
Like Jewels sparkling from the Mine;
Whose Works with Strength and Art controul
The ravish'd Mind, and catch the Soul;

182 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Racking th' expanded Thought of Man,
To stretch beyond its stinted Span;
From higher Fountains must descend,
Nor on your scanty Aids depend;
But their high Origin must claim
From *Wisdom's* all-enliv'ning Flame.

To *Metis* they alone belong,
That Guardian of the tuneful Song.
'Tis she who wings their Flights on high,
Amid the Regions of the Sky;
And makes them, like bright Comets, tread
New Paths in Heav'n, from whence they're fed.
Thus, rais'd above low Scenes of Things,
The Bard of loftier Subjects sings,
While Mortals here admiring view
What Genius warm'd and rous'd can do.
Without *her* Arts to form the Mind,
Great Parts dishonour Human Kind.

Poets,

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 183

Poets, unhelp'd by her, in vain,
Dry as a Sponge, would squeeze the Brain;
Then *Fancy*, like a Centaur, rides
Itself, and jerks its heaving Sides,
Striving to stir the latent Fire,
And raise its languid Ardour higher.

So Lions, who would Herds engage,
Scourge with their Tails themselves to Rage.

She's the bright Sun, whose Vigour warms
The Soul, and lends them all their Charms;
Prompting the Thoughts, which shoot and blaze
As Diamonds dart their lucid Rays;
When to instruct, or to delight,
She guides their trembling Hands to write;
And with amazing Beauty fills
The shining Drops the Pen distils.

Quoth

184 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Quoth pert *Moria*, in a Fret,
 I never heard such Reas'ning yet.
 Ask ev'ry Judge of what he reads,
 Whether 'tis I, or *Metis*, breeds
 The Shoals of modern Bards, who fit
 As Candidates for Fame and Wit.
 Why, 'tis allow'd, without Dispute,
 That but for me they might be mute.
 Her Muses are but silly Jilts,
 Who love to make Dwarfs strut on Stilts,
 In hope that all th' inferior Fry
 May stare to see them rais'd so high :
 But 'tis by my great Cares and Arts
 That Bards, tho' Fools, are Fools of Parts.

'Tis I who evermore have rais'd
 That Rage for Rhyme, with which they're seiz'd.

I urge

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 185

I urge them, with a brave Disdain
Of Critics, to indulge their Vein.
Thus, once their scribbling Fits begin,
They travel on thro' thick and thin ;
And, spite of envious Rogues, who lash
Their Faults, the faster spawn new Trash.

So Jades, well scourg'd for having tripp'd,
Ride on more brisk for being whipp'd.

Young Bards, for Dulness damn'd at first,
Oft shew they have not writ their worst ;
But, as unlucky Gamesters chuse
To play still deeper, if they lose ;
I make them, when they miss Success,
Print on with double Eagerness.
Poets, that smart for't, often write,
With the same Spirit *Welshmen* fight ;

B b

Who

iz'd.

I urge

186 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Who charge without or Wit or Fear,
When once they see their Blood appear.

Mens Cenfures make them keener ftill
For their dear Itch of writing ill.
As Girls, hurt by their firft Amours,
Love on, and turn out greater Whores :
Nay, Scandal, at its higheft Tides,
Into a fort of Fame fubfides.
For what by Fame was ever meant,
But being fome way eminent?
And Wits, who rhyme away their Shame,
From writing longer gain fome Name ;
And with their very Loffes thrive,
Enough to keep their Works alive.

So Debtors, when in Jail they get,
Subfift by running more in Debt ;

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 187

And those who ruin them, must give
Some Pittance, upon which they live.

But sure dull *Metis* can't pretend
The Bards she beggars to befriend,
Unless, as Fires improve a Town,
Whose Rage first burnt its Structures down.
Pyrrha, when all the World was drown'd,
A wondrous odd Invention found:
And, by a Quirk of casting Stones,
Made Men rise up with Flesh and Bones.
And now, that Dulness veils the Ball,
And Floods of Ignorance cover all:
Has she her Art? or Tricks like that
Which made a * *Venus* of a Cat?
For nothing less can make them shine
As Poets now, with Rage divine.
That Art have I!—Whence Bards I raise
Faster than Men allow them Bays.

B b 2

But

* A famous Fable.

188 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

But for such Schemes she can't be fit ;
 For *Wisdom* never made a Wit !
 As well the frigid Zone may yield
 The painted Flow'rets of the Field ;
 As well the cluster'd Vine may grow
 Amidst eternal Wastes of Snow ;
 As well within the Miser's Breast
 May Charity or Friendship rest ;
 As *Wisdom* can with Wit agree,
 Or part my lovely Child and me ;
 With whom producing Joy and Mirth,
 I've ever stock'd with Bards the Earth.

In dreadful Ink some dip their Quill,
 Whom with the Thirst of Praise I fill ;
 Still blowing up, with endless Pains,
 That *Ignis Fatuus* of their Brains.
 And as a Witch her Broom bestrides,
 To meet her Demons, where she rides,

Hoping, by their Assistance, soon
 To rule the Stars, and charm the Moon ;
 But finds at last Despair and Want
 Are all the Blessings which they grant ;
 So I with this their Souls inflame,
 To catch the Phantom of a Name.
 And if they seize it soon, they find,
 Like *Lapland* Hags, Fame sells them Wind ;
 And, with their bubbled Toil and Care,
 Leaves them to batten on the Air.

Quoth *Cupid*, Tho' you vent your Rage
 On the great Poets of the Age ;
 You'll never prove, that you inspire
 Their Wit, their Fancy, Thought, or Fire.
 Their Works to wond'ring Worlds proclaim,
 That they to *Metis* owe their Fame.
 And tho' the Basilisk *Envy* tries
 To blast them with her baleful Eyes ;

Hoping

Their

190 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Their Praise, like Corn o'erwhelm'd with Snow,
Will root more deep, and stronger grow.
Nay, I can prove ——

——Quoth *Folly*, Pause,

And hear, before you judge the Cause.
Led by false Reasons, Sots believe;
But Facts are Proofs which can't deceive:
And by *their* Force convinc'd, I now
This Truth, conceal'd from Men, avow.
All write thro' me; tho' various Ways
Their Brains my rhyming Demons craze.

In some, as Meat where Fly-blows lie
Corrupts, and only feeds the Fly,
I scatter Maggots in the Head,
Whence Swarms of buzzing Verse are bred:
There, swelling to enormous Size,
In airy Volumes quick they rise.

As * *Tartary* wings her Insect-Broods,
 From Wastes of rotten Fens and Woods,
 Hence Poets breed, with wondrous Pow'r,
 Whole Worlds of Fancies in an Hour;
 While, like a Clock hung round with Chimes,
 Their Brain rings out eternal Rhymes.

Mens Parts, with clear or clouded Skies,
 Like Weather-glasses, fall or rise.

So I breed Bards; help'd by the Sun
 To make their limping Doggrel run.

When Summer rouses drousiest Things,
 Gives dead Flies Life, and Emmets Wings,
 I dullest Souls to Poets raise,

Aided by radiant lovely Days :

Whence, by Mistake, the tuneful Tribe
 To *Phæbus* all their Flights ascribe.

* Many Authors maintain, that Plagues are brought into *Europe* by vast Swarms of Insects, which come floating in the Air from the Desarts of *Tartary*. See *Philosoph. Transact.* on that Subject.

When

As

192 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

When sunk in Winter's Gloom, I strive
 To keep their sluggish Thoughts alive :
 And as a Bear, by Frosts constrain'd,
 Lives on her Fat in Summer gain'd :
 So a starv'd Bard Subsistence draws
 From Autumn Rhymes, and sucks his Paws ;
 Or lays up, by a *July* Play,
 Provisions for a rainy Day.
 For Winter Souls of Thoughts bereaves,
 As Tempests rob the Trees of Leaves.
 Then Wits half-craz'd are bright or dull,
 Just as the Moon is dark or full ;
 Till I in Spring inspire new Dreams,
 And fill them with fresh Whims and Themes.

I, barely by the Help of Wine,
 Make some set up for Bards divine.

From

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 193

From Claret such derive their Wit,
As in cold Countries 'tis but fit,
Men in the Absence of the Sun,
Like *Germans*, to their Stoves should run.
Thus, by the Fumes of Topping warm'd,
They throw out Froth, like Ale well barm'd.
I make good Liquor, by its Heat,
Better than *Phæbus* do the Feat.
The more the jolly Poet swills,
His Brain the more high Rapture fills.
So, by the Help of downright Drink,
He writes, and is not toil'd to think.

Tho' such Bards, like wing'd Fishes, fly
No longer than their Skins are dry;
Yet tagging Things like Thoughts to Rhymes,
Pleasing the Croud in tasteless Times;
They Reason's Force for Sounds despise,
Spoil Sense with Verse, and Truth with Lyes.

C c

Thus,

194 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Thus, mingling in each Line the Dreams
 With which the Brain o'er-moisten'd teems.
 As Water tumbled on wild Fire
 Will make it rage, and blaze the higher,
 They drink, and write, and by the Head,
 Like 'Lembicks vent the Fumes Wine bred,
 Or, like fore hunted * Hounds, the Bard
 Sweats at the Tongue by toping hard.

But most, as Cold produces Snow,
 Rhyming to me and Hunger owe.
 For as by that poor † Parrots taught,
 Arrive at Speech, and aim at Thought;
 So thus the weakest Souls I raise
 To lisp in Verse, or prate in Plays.

* All Sportsmen, and many Naturalists, agree, that Dogs never
 sweat but by the Tongue.

† Quis expedit Pſittaco suum χαῖρε ?
 Picasque docuit nostra verba conari ?
 Magister artis, ingenique largitor
 Venter————

Pers. Prolog.

And

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 195

And Famine's keen Incentive use,
 To make them write without a Muse.
 As loving Heav'n can less impel
 To Piety, than fearing Hell;
 So Dread of Cold and Want excite,
 Beyond the Love of Fame, to write.
 And as, at hard Meat kept, a Steed
 Runs best, and at his highest Speed;
 So I feed Poets lean and low,
 Lest fatted they should purfy grow;
 But by scant Food preserv'd in Wind,
 They leave their Rivals far behind.

Quoth *Cupid*, I could mention some,
 Whose Names might strike e'en Malice dumb;
 Who ne'er deriv'd their Flames from you,
 But rose by Wit and Wisdom too.
 By matchless Works to Nations known,
 Mankind their deathless Merit own;

196 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

And crown with uncontested Praise
The Beauty of their lovely Lays.

Says *Folly* vex'd, I own we're told
Of wondrous Poets fam'd of old;
Whose Works, like Giants Bones, disgrace
The Pygmies of the modern Race.
But where are they on Earth, whom now
Gods with such Strength and Parts endow?
Great Poets, like new Stars, arise;
One in an Age they grace our Skies.
As Nature's spent too much to light
Fresh Orbs to gild again the Night;
So she has lost her Molds, which us'd
With mightier Souls to be infus'd.
Hence, of her wasted Funds aware,
She seldom can great Spirits spare;
And only throws out now and then
Scribblers for Wits, like Dwarfs for Men.

Thus

Thus sometimes we of Poets hear
 That write, print, sink, and disappear.
 A Song, an Ode, a Farce, a Play,
 Is writ; and then their Parts decay.
 These Silk-worms, when their Webs are spun,
 Die pleas'd their shining Task is done.
 Too weak for greater Works, they fall;
 And Time and Darkneſs cover all.
 Tho' their Wit, chaf'd like Amber, draws
 Nought but ſmall Papers, Chaff, or Straws;
 Yet e'en for this to mold their Brains
 Coſts me a World of idle Pains.

Men without Genius can't lay Claim
 'Midſt laurell'd Heads to roll their Name.
Parnaffus' Cliffs, that, 'midſt the Air,
 Appear ſo grand, and look ſo fair,

198 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Shoot their steep Summits too sublime
 For Reptiles to presume to climb.
 Flies are not Eagles, tho' they've Wings;
 Nor Pismires Serpents, tho' they've Stings.
 And all the little Swarms of Wits,
 Who creep, or fly, or sing by Fits,
 Like flight-wing'd Summer-Insects, try
 Short Flights; then hum their Songs, and die.

Some Scribblers oft with endless Pains
 Will bite their Nails, and rack their Brains;
 And think the Sooterkins they've bred,
 Like *Pallas* issuing from the Head
 Of *Jove*, are really Things divine:
 Yet are their whole Productions mine.
 For as Sea-Water, when its strain'd
 Thro' Earth, where all its Salts are drain'd,
 Breaks out in Springs, which, Clerks maintain,
 Are form'd by heav'nly Dews and Rain;

So Wit, tho' unobserv'd, proceeds
From swelling Deeps, which *Folly* feeds;
But, purg'd from grosser Parts, pretends
It only from the Gods descends.

Some Works in Magazines are thrown;
Others make Volumes all their own.
Tho' some scrawl more, and some scrawl less,
I fit their Nothings for the Press.
At least their best-wrought Plans are mine;
For, tho' all paint, but few * design.
From me that gentle Languor comes,
Which their soft easy Lines benumbs.
I dress their poorest Works with Care,
And sprinkle Meaning here and there.
I calm their Rage, and cool their Style,
And smooth its Roughness with the File:

* As in Painting, so in Poetry, the noblest Labour of the Mind, and the greatest Proof of Genius and Invention, is the planning out and skilfully designing any Work, and should ever be the first Thing set about.

For

200 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

For manly Sense, and nervous Thoughts,
In their sleek Lays would pass for Faults.

Sometimes blank Verse, like Going-Carts,
I use for those of weakly Parts :
In which, with Rickets swell'd, they stalk,
Like Infants, till they've Strength to walk.
Oft as Back-water stops a Mill,
Lines with redundant Wit I fill ;
While Similies bright Couplets link,
And, like true * Phosphors, shine and stink.
For as in Bodies too much Food
Produces Wind, instead of Blood ;
So too much Wit in Writing breeds
Tumours, which Indigestion feeds.

Imagination running wild,
Like a drunk Nurse, o'rlays its Child.

* An extraordinary Chymical Composition, which shines spontaneously, chiefly in the Dark, and has generally a strong fetid Smell.

Therefore

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 201

Therefore with that their Rhymes I dose,
 And Judgment leave to creep in Prose.
 Hence Works oft perish by the Force
 Of Fancy, which o'erwhelms their Course :
 Thus Ships, that scud before the Gale,
 Founder by spreading too much Sail.
 Thus o'erdung'd Corn, too rank to stand,
 Rots thro' the Richness of the Land.
 Yet, left their Toils for deathless Fame
 Should brand them with eternal Shame ;
 As Works ill writ, like Mines ill play'd,
 Revert on those by whom they're made ;
 Private I send their short-liv'd Books,
 To lodge with Pastry-men and Cooks ;
 Where, 'twixt the Oven, and the Fire,
 Lost to the World, my Friends expire ;
 Condemn'd as Bards, tho' their chief Crime
 Was, spoiling Prose with Wit and Rhyme.

D d

Sometimes

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 herefore

Sometimes in haste I make choice Wits,
 Out of smart Fools cast into Fits,
 That rave and rhyme, by Crouds admir'd,
 Run mad with Dreams, that they're inspir'd.
 For let an Idiot foam and faint,
 Among the * *Turks* he's held a Saint;
 His Fury's thought to be divine ;
 And, when he's dead, his Tomb's a Shrine.
 So Fops, who by wild Zeal become
 Mad for Poetic Martyrdom,
 Will still find others to admire
 Their Phrensy for the Muses Fire ;
 And, thus ador'd, will rhyme and rage,
 And breed new Wits for ev'ry Age ;
 While each, like Gnats, before he dies,
 Leaves Eggs and Works, which raise new Flies.

* This all Travellers agree in. Vide *Windus's Journey to Mequinez*,
 p. 28. and the 3d Epistle of *Busbequius*.

Dull Bards oft brisker Bards beget,
 As blunt Knives one another whet.
 And as in * *Cappadocia* Mules
 Were fruitful; so these barren Fools,
 Spite of their Emptiness, produce
 As slight a Race of equal Use.
 Each Age, each Sex, both Poor and Rich,
 Find Wit as catching as the Itch.
 And as the † *Spanish* Mares, we read,
 Ingend'ring with the Winds, would breed;
 So Men, electrify'd by me
 With the brisk Fumes of Poetry,
 Infect their Neighbours, and transmit
 Their subtle Flame of airy Wit,
 With as much Ease as Tapers light
 New Tapers in the Shades of Night:

* *Pliny*, l. 8. c. 44. reports this from *Theophrastus* with his usual Credulity.

† See *Virgil's Georgics*, l. 3. v. 266. where this is finely described. *Columella* and *Varro* report the same Fable.

264 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

hich, kindled by the greasy Blaze,
Shoot round the Room their footy Rays.

Ah! my *Moria*! *Love* replies,
Truth with elastic Force will rise;
As nitrous Dust, when set on Fire,
The more you load it, bounds the higher.
When Wit and Wisdom Men receive,
They're the chief Blessings *Jove* can give:
'Tis by their Force that Genius wings
Its Flights, performing wondrous Things.

But Learning, Poetry, and Wit,
Whate'er the noblest Pens have writ,
Are mean Endowments, weigh'd with those
The Goddess on great Minds bestows,
The Arts of Empire, and the Views
High Glory in the World pursues.

The That

The Statesman's Schemes, the Hero's Flame,
 Their high Descents from *Metis* claim.
 And both their long-recorded Praise
 From Deeds of matchless Honour raise.

They're Nature's Boasts, whom pleas'd she sends,
 For soaring Views, and glorious Ends.
 And as fierce Storms, which Mountains tear,
 Sift and refine the stagnant Air;
 And therefore by great *Jove* are sent
 To brush the Seas and Continent;
 So these vast Spirits oft arise
 To cherish Nations, or chastize;
 To form of growing Realms the Plan,
 And polish that rough Diamond *Man*.
 By them, as Metals purg'd by Fires,
 Mankind improv'd, new Worth acquires.
 And these to *Metis* owe the Charms,
 The That grac'd their Schemes, or crown'd their Arms.

From

206 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

From her all Heroes Ardour springs,
 Who lead in Triumph conquer'd Kings ;
 Till, *Archimedes*-like, they've Skill
 T'unhinge and tofs the Earth at Will.
 As Waves, by Storms to Mountains hurl'd,
 Descending burft the liquid World ;
 So they, where-e'er their Thunders fall,
 In Fragments break the fhatrer'd Ball ;
 And with an Earthquake's Force o'erwhelm
 The finking Mounds of ev'ry Realm.

Laws were for little Souls defign'd ;
 Great Minds form Systems unconfin'd.
 Glory's Enthuſiaſts, whirl'd away
 By their own Fire, no Rules obey ;
 But, like enlighten'd Meteors, move
 Eccentric to the Orbs above ;

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While at their Motions Mortals stare,
 Like Comets with their blazing Hair.
 Such Prodigies, whose wondrous Force
 She drives along their radiant Course,
 To *Metis* owe the Strength and Grace,
 With which they run their ardent Race.

Heroes, the beauteous Nymph replies,
 Are mine by num'rous Claims and Ties.
 Fools from the Birth! my Offspring known,
 By ev'ry Act and Deed my own!
 Their lineal Race, their high Renown,
 From me descend transmitted down.
 And, though to *Metis*' Care assign'd,
 A while, to swell their Heads with Wind,
 As Boys by Eggs, brought to the Nest
 Of Birds of Prey, breed Game-cocks best;
 Yet soon by nobler Arts I frame
 Their Nature, and exalt their Flame.

Whil

I rouse

208 LOVE and FOLLY.

I rouse their Thirst for Fame, and raise
 Their furious Lust for stupid Praise;
 Filling their Brains with Thoughts sublime;
 While wild Ambition's Heights they climb;
 Where, when they're mounted to the Top,
 Their Heads turn round, and down they drop.

These grand Knights-errant, I maintain,
 Were Fools run mad in *Quixote's* Vein,
 Possess'd with blind Ambition's Dreams,
 And frantic with their conqu'ring Schemes.
 Their tow'ring Prospects soar'd so high,
Jove scarce sat safe amidst his Sky.
 Yet, spite of all their boasted Claim
 To Honour, and eternal Fame,
 Your *Marlbro's*, *Cumberlands*, *Nassau's*,
 Who fought and bled for *Albion's* Cause,
 Your *Cæsars*, *Pompeys*, *Alexanders*,
 Were greater Idiots than Commanders;

Fellows

Fellows that Kingdoms over-run,
That * Boys might talk of what they'd done ;
And try'd vast Glory to acquire
By all the Arts of Sword and Fire ;
Picking with every Nation Quarrels,
To crown their empty Heads with Laurels.

These Hare-brain'd Heroes are a sort
Of Furies, that with Murder sport,
That slaughter'd Armies prostrate lay,
As Men tip Nine-pins, just in Play.
Whence Myriads slain, and Realms undone,
Record in Blood their Battles won.
By Empires sunk they raise their Names,
And set the ravish'd Earth in Flames.
Old Heroes made it all their Care,
That the whole Globe their Chains should wear.

* I, demens, & sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, & declamatio fias.

Juv. Sat. 10.

210 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

And when they'd quite o'er-run the Ball,
Like some vast Deluge swallowing all,
They rid the Flood with Sails unfurl'd,
Triumphant o'er a ruin'd World.

Thus, raising Mountains of the Slain,
O'er Earth some Monster spread his Reign,
Set up for Wisdom, Valour, Fame,
While prostrate Slaves rever'd his Name;
And, having play'd his senseless Farce,
Made him descend from *Jove*, or *Mars*.
Then * Constellations they remove,
To place him 'midst the Stars above;
Where Fools the borrow'd Beams adore,
With which they gild their Idol o'er.
Their bloody Butcher, rais'd on high,
Struts a new Inmate of the Sky;

* Alluding to *Virgil's* Compliment to *Augustus*, *Georg.* l. i. v. 32.

Anne novum tardis fidus te mensibus addas,
Qua locus Erigonen inter Chelasque sequentes
Panditur, ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, & cœli justâ plus parte relinquit.

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 211

Gets Temples, Altars, Priests, and Fame,
For Deeds which would the Halter shame;
And, while his Vot'ries croud his Shrine,
The Fane and Hero grow divine!

As Dwarfs in grand Romances wait
On Giants, to augment their Height;
So Statesmen next must take their Place,
This Cavalcade of Fools to grace.
Bred, nurs'd by me, by me they thrive,
And rise by Factions I contrive;
Till, perch'd upon the Backs of Kings,
Borne up like Wrens on Eagles Wings,
These Brats of mine presumptuous tower
To all the horrid Heights of Pow'r.

Supreme of Dolts, of these I boast,
Who follow, serve, and please me most:

E e 2

Whom

Gets

v. 32.

212 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Whom Fortune by her usual Rules,
 And I, promote as shining Fools.
 For Emptiness my Friends at Courts,
 As Bladders Boys that swim, supports.
 'Tis Nature's Way; to lightest Things
 She gives a Pow'r to mount, or Wings.
 Thus are the loftiest Posts assign'd
 To Air, to Vapours, or the Wind.
 Vast barren Mountains still are nigh
 The Sun, and raise their Heads on high.
 And copying her, my Love supplies
 Arts, that help weakest Souls to rise.
 So *Brutus*, while the Fool he play'd,
 The Plan of *Rome's* great Empire laid.
 The Idiot schem'd the *Tarquins* Fall,
 And to wise *Folly* ow'd it all!

Thus they get Posts by want of Parts;
 As great dull Horses best draw Carts;

And

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 213

And, though unfit to win a Plate,
Can jingle with their Bells in State.
For as th'Alloy makes Gold outlast
What's finer, which would wear too fast;
So Dulness makes great Men more fit
For Bus'ness, than fine Parts and Wit.

Wit, like a Lancet, may draw Blood;
But Hatchets must hew down the Wood.
Mere Edge but little Way can go;
'Tis Toil and Weight drives home the Blow.
Hence, while nice Parts hard Labours shun,
All Bus'ness is by Blockheads done.
And 'tis the Dull and Busy lead
The World in Politics and Trade.
Wits by Excess of Mettle fail,
And, like fleet Dogs, o'er-run the Trail;
While the more slow and drudging Hounds,
That drawl their Noses o'er the Grounds,

Work

214 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Work out the Scent, and by their Care
With Toil and Plodding catch the Hare.

Yet I must own, I seldom find
Statesmen completely to my Mind.
As Seals are Beasts and Fish at once,
They mix the Villain with the Dunce :
And, tho' they're Fools, they're Knaves to boot,
Just as Dragoons are Horse and Foot.
Hence the chief Cares, that work their Brains
In public Posts, are private Gains.
The best's a Rogue, who just inclines
To Honesty from ill Designs.
For their prime Schemes, which shew half Sense,
Are Pow'r, and Jobs, and Slaves, and Pence,
Their penal Laws, which Crimes pursue,
Have Fees and Pardons still in View.
Nay, tho' they make mean Villains feel
Their Vengeance groaning on the Wheel,

From

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 215

From the fierce Wolf, or wily Fox,
Tho', Shepherd-like, they watch their Flocks;
Tho' Blood for Blood the Felons pay,
Who make the harmless Lambs their Prey;
Yet all they drive at is to sheer
Their Sheep, close fleec'd from Year to Year.

So Warreners use all their Skill,
That Vermin shan't their Rabbets kill;
But guard them only for the Gain
Their Flesh and Skins produce, when slain.

Fair Nymph, quoth *Love*, you can't pretend,
That such great Souls on you depend.
They shine 'midst all the Earth renown'd,
With Wisdom grac'd, with Glory crown'd.
Empire and Arts from them derive
Their Force, and by their Influence thrive.

Nations

From

216 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Nations by their Directions move,
 As *Jove* wheels round the Orbs above.
 Hence Peace and War, as Winds the Sea
 Controul, depend on their Decree;
 While Kingdoms rise, and Nations fall,
 Just as great Statesmen model all!

Quoth she, Their Arts these Jugglers owe
 To me, who govern Crouds below.
 The Joy to please and serve me, makes
 Nations applaud their worst Mistakes.
 By lucky Errors oft I raise
 Events that gain them highest Praise.
 Oft, when worse Fools their Conduct blame,
 I thence contrive to swell their Fame;
 And sometimes make robb'd Realms adore
 Old Rogues, when new ones hurt them more:
 Yet, help'd by these small Arts and Tricks,
 They boast high Wit and Politics;

Renounce my Guidance, and lay Claim,
 By Wisdom, to eternal Fame;
 While all their Grounds for that Pretence
 Are Feints, and Cant, and Impudence;
 A Cunning to prevent Surprize,
 Pensions for Talkers, Pence for Spies;
 A Knack to silence Mutineers,
 Give Coxcombs Hopes, and Cowards Fears;
 Base little Arts, and subtle Wiles,
 To manage Slaves with Frowns or Smiles;
 Oaths just as Rules of Office us'd,
 When frighten'd States must be amus'd;
 Hearts with Chicane and Falshood fill'd,
 Their Souls debauch'd, their Conscience steel'd.

As Epicures in eating, scorn
 That Brawn whose Skin's not turn'd to Horn;
 Those Consciences these Tricksters please,
 Whose callous Temper gives them Ease.

218 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Nay, Statesmen sail with Wind and Tide,
That lay all Conscience quite aside,
And baffle Foes, who sink oppress'd,
With its uneasy Burden 'strefs'd.

So Jockeys, when unweigh'd they run,
And drop their Leads, the Race is won.
Whole Nations thus in Bonds they keep,
That o'er their Iron Fetters weep:
For search the Earth, and you shall find
Them the Betrayers of Mankind;
And, if Oppression's servile Tools
Are Sages, tell me who are Fools?

Of all my Sons, these are the worst;
Like * *Fortune*, while they're worshipp'd, curs'd;
Applauded, rail'd at; prais'd, bespatter'd;
Bow'd to, and hated; loath'd, and flatter'd.

* *Pliny, l. 2. c. 7.* says this of the Goddess *Fortune*, among many other Things. His Words are these: *Una accusatur, una agitur rea, sola laudatur, sola arguitur, & cum convitiis colitur*: Which are very applicable to Statesmen in all Kingdoms.

So,

So, oft, to gratify my Spleen,
 I plot their Ruin, tho' unseen.
 Rais'd for my Sport, for Sport I throw
 Them down, and lay the Wretches low.
 And as the Posts these Bunglers fill
 Are the great Buts of Envy still,
 I oft their filliest Pranks betray,
 And leave them to their Foes a Prey;
 Till Fools, on fallen Fools, sublime,
 To nobler Heights of Folly climb.
 Sometimes by Mobs, whose Chiefs I lead,
 They're charg'd with Pranks they never play'd;
 By Senates, when they've nought to do,
 Impeach'd, tho' poor, nay, harmless too!
 For Factions oft, like Hounds, will tear
 A Sheep, because they want an Hare.

Thus filly Conjurers are us'd,
 Abhorr'd, tho' guiltless, and excus'd;

220 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Condemn'd for Contracts, by the Law,
With Devils, whom they never saw.

But, in the Gross, they're all a Race,
Whose only Merit is their Place :
And therefore, more each Realm to bless,
I move them quick, as Pawns at Chess.
To Grandeur when a Blockhead jumps,
He's honour'd, as a Card that's Trumps ;
Tho' the next Deal will soon degrade
His Worth, and then the Spade's a Spade.
Yet, raising Fools, I find my Ends
Are serv'd, because they help my Friends,
Firm for my private Views to treat
With brave Contempt the public Hate ;
Ready to do my best-lov'd Jobs,
And call complaining Millions Mobs ;
They keep proud Merit ever low,
And Places on my Dolts bestow.

Fond

Fond to find Sots to rule the Roast,
And pick out Oafs for ev'ry Post,
They peep around each ranfack'd Realm
For Fools that keep them at the Helm.

So, fearching for his Affes, *Saul*
Became a Prince, and govern'd all.

As when funk Realms are near their Fate,
One lucky * Lye oft faves the State;
My Tools in useful Falshoods deal,
To cloak their Faults, and shew their Zeal.
In these a *Jesuit* they'll outface,
To serve their King—and keep their Place.
In all the fumbling Turns of State,
As their chief Refuge is Deceit,
I make them, like pack'd Juries, rack Words,
Take Oaths, as Men do Clysters, backwards;

* The famous *Queen Katharine of Medicis* used to say, a Lye believed for three Days might save a Kingdom.

222 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Swear to each Side and Faction tight,
 As In and Out is Wrong or Right ;
 And change their shifting Parties fast,
 As Snakes their annual Liv'ries cast.
 For Gain's the Touchstone, where they try
 Each specious Fraud, or useful Lye.
 And Statesmen, like great Lawyers, see
 No Truths that can outweigh a Fee.

Hurt by affecting Art and Skill,
 I'd save them oft against their Will ;
 But, fearing Men, the Gods they brave.
 In them the Bashaw and the Slave
 Unite, while Insolence or Fear
 Prompt them to cringe or domineer.
 Some lawless Sov'reign's Grace to gain,
 His Pow'r they raise, and, rais'd, maintain.
 They swell his Grandeur, while, assess'd,
 Poor Subjects perish unredress'd :

For

For wild Ambition sportive hears
 The Peoples Groans, and flights their Tears;
 Till, spoil'd of all, declin'd in Strength,
 People and King sink down at length;
 The Plunder'd and the Plund'ers fall,
 And Waste and Ruin swallow all.
 Just as rich Mines, when scoop'd too thin,
 Inlarg'd by Av'rice, tumble in.

Yet, blund'ring on, each Realm distress'd
 To please their Tyrant, is oppress'd.
 Its Wealth they rob, its Blood they shed,
 And Taxes eat its daily Bread.
 Those Mounds of Guilt and Innocence,
 The Laws, they wrest to their Defence;
 As Cannon, seiz'd by Foes, protect
 Those Enemies whom first they check'd.
 Thus safe inscons'd, their Tyrant's Smiles
 They gain by plunder'd Nations Spoils.

For

The

224 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

The more that Men their Faults detest,
They're by their Master more carefs'd ;
Till, daub'd and screen'd by filthy Crimes,
They 'scape the Vengeance of the Times.

So senseless *Hottentots*, to shun
The raging Fury of the Sun,
Smeer themselves o'er with Grease, and think,
With Joy, they're safe, altho' they stink.

Thus, tho' my nobler Views despise
Domitian's Sport of killing Flies ;
Yet have I prov'd ——

——Dear *Folly*, hold,
Cry'd *Love* ; you do not prove, but scold.
But Disputants, when Reasons fail,
Cast out Abuses thick as Hail.
As, when their Bombs are spent, Men throw
Pebbles from Mortars on the Foe ;

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* Eleph
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And scolding Dames with foul Words fright
Opposers, just as Ships in Fight
Cast Stink-pots, which their Foes compel
To yield, confounded by the Smell.

Yet Statesmen let us now discard,
As quite beneath my Nymph's Regard.
These trifling Subjects we'll disdain,
Too weak, too mean, to give us Pain:
Though I confess, in your Excuse
For dealing in such low Abuse,
Brave Elephants, which Armies rout
By brandishing their Trunks about,
Are sometimes forc'd on * Mice to trample,
To make the Vermin an Example;
And Whales, the Tyrants of the Sea,
For Sport with empty Barrels play.

* Elephants have an Aversion to Mice, who often creep into their Trunks. Vide *Gesner. Hist. Animal.* p. 197.

G g

But

And

But as whoever dares dispute
 With Beauty, will himself confute;
 I beg a Truce; 'tis late; and ne'er
 Did Wrangling yet convince the Fair.
 For tho' I've stopt your Tongue, your Eyes
 I see in melting Torrents rise.
 Those Tears spoil all my wise Discourse,
 As Powder wet has lost its Force.
 So let us throw Debate aside :
 'Tis poor to rail, and vain to chide.
 Lovers rash Contests quick should cease,
 And end, like those of Kings, in Peace.
 These Jars we'll lull in quiet Rest,
 And be, while *Jove* allows it, blest.

He spoke—And, with a troubled Air,
 Fix'd his fond Eyes upon the Fair.

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She look'd on him, as Patients eye
 Physicians, when they say they'll die.
 Each, pierc'd with Grief, shed Tears in Showers,
 And enter'd sad their Rosy Bowers :
 Where, on their fragrant Couch reclin'd,
 They sought sweet Sleep, that calms the Mind.





C A N T O IV.

POLLIO! on whose enchanting Tongue
 Whole Senates have with Rapture hung,
 Or teach the Muse your graceful Way,
 That moves and charms, whate'er you say;
 Or speak——Who never spoke too long;
 Can you support a tedious Song,
 And pardon Faults you ne'er commit,
 The Want of Elegance and Wit?
 He smiles!——O Muse, the Lays improve,
 That sing to Him, and sing of Love!

Ah me! that ere the Heart was made,
 By its vain Dreams to be betray'd!

Bubble

Bubbled by Hopes, and aw'd by Fears,
 Cheated by Smiles, and caught by Tears ;
 To Truth and Candour ever blind,
 Ever to faithless Fawners kind!
 While, Schemes of Bliss and Joy pursuing,
 It fondly plots its own undoing.
 Ye Fair, who give our Passions Wings,
 Think what Destruction *Folly* brings !
 Think, lovely Maids ! nor think in vain ;
 The Song shall make the Moral plain.

Intranc'd in Sleep while *Cupid* lies,
 And downy Slumbers seal his Eyes ;
 While, flighting *Venus*, in Repose,
 He lulls to Peace his stormy Woes,
 Distracting Cares *Moria's* Breast
 Disturb'd, and banish'd Balmy Rest.
 She saw her Charmer's flutt'ring Heart
 Was almost on the Wing to part ;

Was

230 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Was false and changeful as the Wind,
Neither by Vows or Oaths confin'd :
And as *Irene's* Threats she saw,
Had struck him with a dreadful Awe,
She doubted Fear might banish Love,
As Frights will Ague-Fits remove.

Restless she toss'd about the Bed ;
Shifted her Pillow, and her Head.
In vain her Fears to doze she try'd ;
And chang'd her Posture, or her Side ;
While, anxious, all the Stores of Thought
She drain'd, and in wild Projects wrought,
She thinks, approves, dislikes, suspects,
Resolves, fears, wavers, and rejects.
Her Mind was toss'd in endless Storms ;
A Croud of frantic Plots she forms.
Then flights them all——yet, with a Sigh,
Vows to retain him, or to die.

Rack'd with Despair, she rose and walk'd,
 And wildly to herself she talk'd.
 Vain Phantoms danc'd before her Sight,
 Such as belated Peasants fright ;
 When, by bewilder'd Fancy seen,
 Small Fairies gambol o'er the Green.
 What the Mind dreams, the Body feels ;
 She groans beneath imagin'd Ills.
 Numbers of airy Doubts and Fears,
 Like Sylphs, bath'd sportive in her Tears ;
 Till, rous'd at last, her delug'd Eyes,
 Charm'd with a great Design, she dries.

Flush'd with the Thought, she wings her Flight
 To the dun Goddess * Queen of Night.

* *Nox* was the Daughter of *Chaos*, according to *Hesiod*, in the Verses ascribed to *Orpheus*. She is called the Mother of Gods and Men ; And some Mythologists reckon her the most ancient of all the Deities. See *Montfaucon's Antiq.* Vol. I. p. 2. l. 4.

She

Rack'd

232 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

She found her on a Mountain's Side,
 Where Rocks her Palace-Portals hide.
 Walls of thick Mists its Precincts close;
 No Groves lodge kawing Rooks or Crows:
 But solemn Silence, still as Death,
 Lay slumb'ring on th' extended Heath.
 Old Nature built it under-ground,
 Shut from the Day, remote from Sound,
 Its out-stretch'd Columns, arch'd, inclose
 Vast Voids devoted to Repose,
 Form'd of huge Caverns so obscure,
 As 'twere of Light the Sepulture:
 For ev'ry Chamber in its Womb
 Seem'd less a Lodging than a Tomb.
 Here Care and Labour, laid asleep,
 Of Rest the sacred Sabbath keep;
 With ne'er a Lock, and half a Door,
 Cobwebs the Roof, and Dust the Floor.

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There while in hazy Fogs she dwells,
No watchful Lamp the Gloom dispels.

Her dusk Pavilions past, a Swarm
Of Dreams and Visions multiform
Croud round her, charm'd with deep Surprise ;
Then trembling fled her wakeful Eyes.
Stretch'd on her Couch, the Queen she found,
Her Head with Wreaths of Poppy crown'd ;
Each Sense dissolv'd in soft Repose :
Dull Sloth and Ease her Eye-lids close.
Careless her lazy Limbs were spread ;
No troublous Thoughts disturb'd her Head :
But lull'd in quiet Sleep she lay,
Nor fear'd th' Approach of busy Day.

While Storms of Grief her Bosom swell,
There Prostrate the Nymph before her fell ;

H h

And

234 LOVE and FOLLY.

And thus the slothful Power address'd.

Wake, Night's great Goddess! give me Rest!

Affist your Child!—My Birth I owe

To you and * *Erebus* below.

With Millions, made to me a Prey,

I've throng'd the gloomy Realms you sway;

And, fond your Empire to enlarge,

Fill'd with mix'd Crouds old *Charon's* Barge.

There mightier Shoals I've sent aboard

Than Famine, Lux'ry, Plague, or Sword;

Doing my utmost since my Birth,

For your sake to lay waste the Earth.

Yet *Love*, who Gods and Men deceives,

Moria soon, perfidious, leaves;

Unless your Skill divine can find

Some Means to keep him true and kind!

* *Erebus*, the infernal Deity, was married to *Nox* the Goddess, as all Mythologists agree: And even *Cicero* tells us this, in his 3d Book of the Nature of the Gods. This Marriage produced a Croud of horrid Children, viz. *Deceit*, *Fear*, *Labour*, *Envy*, and many others, among whom *Folly* is set down as one.

Strait

Strait she unfolds her piteous Case,
Tears rolling down the Charmer's Face;
While slow the yawning Goddess sighs,
And, half-asleep, with Pain replies.

As I saw *Love* was false as fair,
Know, Child, I made your Peace my Care;
While, fond to fix his fickle Heart,
I've form'd this Master-piece of Art.
Here, take this Phial, which I've fill'd
With Oils from Female Tears distill'd,
And all the brisk arterial Stream,
That paints the longing Lover's Dream.
Warm'd with warm Sighs, bedew it round
His Eye-lids seal'd in Trance profound:
And by lov'd *Erebus* I swear,
The God your Chains shall raptur'd wear.

H h 2

Haste!

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trait

236 LOVE *and* FOLLY:

Haste! use it—Leave me to my Rest—
She sunk with dozing Fumes oppress'd.

The Goddess thank'd, with ardent Prayers,
High-soaring the rich Gift she bears;
In hopes kind Heav'n propitious hears
Her Sighs, and, pitying, sees her Tears.

Ill Counsel, as old * Saws pretend,
Soon gets unto its Journey's End.
So, quick as airy Fancy flies,
Or beamy Light shoots round the Skies,
To *Cupid's* Couch she wings her Way,
Where sunk in Sleep the Dreamer lay.
Warm'd with her Sighs the Oil, in Rills,
Soft round his Eye-lids she distils.
Then, unperceiv'd, to Bed she stole,
While Joys enraptur'd swell'd her Soul.

* A famous Axiom; but it owes its Original to the great *Sophocles*,

Alas! what Evils oft are done,
That, blushing, fly the honest Sun!
While Innocence unwitting sleeps,
And, rous'd to Ruin, vainly weeps
The wicked Treacheries that tread
In Silence round the thoughtless Bed!

Wake, wretched *Cupid*! haste! arise!
Or never shall thy radiant Eyes
Nature's fair Face again survey,
Or the bright Sun's delightful Ray:
For, by the magic Arts of *Night*,
Folly will rob thee of thy Sight;
And, by mad Fondness undesign'd,
Will make thee senseless, dark, and blind!

And now the Virgin *Light* had rear'd
Her Head, and o'er the Mountains peer'd;

When

hodes,
Alas!

238 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

When *Folly*, glad her grand Design
 Was near the springing, like a Mine,
 Impatient for the great Event
 Of her dread Mother's Liniment,
 Drew the Bed-Curtains, wild with Joy,
 To rouse the Soul-subduing Boy.
 And cry'd, Awake, my Dear! the Sun
 Already has its Course begun.
 Whole Nature smiles, while thus we lose
 The Morn fresh bath'd in limpid Dews.

Pleas'd, he awakes——His Ears rejoice
 To hear her sweet bewitching Voice ;
 And, fond to see her, turn'd his Eyes :
 But starting found with deep Surprise
 (Tho' in their own warm melting Rain
 He bath'd and rubb'd them long in vain)
 Their Power of Vision die away ;
 While dimm'd, nor conscious of the Day,

Fruitle

Fruitless they roll their shining Orbs,
Which the dark Gloom of *Night* absorbs.

O Heav'n! he cries, the Gods I find,
The cruel Gods! have struck me blind.
Or rather *Metis*, in Despite,
Has by some Art destroy'd my Sight.
She! envious Wretch! and she alone,
To unforgiving Vengeance prone,
Could form so black a Plot, which Hell
Would even blush to parallel.
Fair Charmer, I no more shall see
The Sun, nor, what's more cruel,---Thee!

Stood fond *Moria* quite distress'd;
She clapt her Hands; she smote her Breast.
With this new Scene of Woe amaz'd,
Confounded on the God she gaz'd.

She

240 LOVE and FOLLY.

She sighs---She weeps, and, weeping, cries,
 Curs'd be the Wretch, who hurt those Eyes!
 Which like fair *Leda's* Twins appear'd,
 And Lovers in dark Tempests chear'd.
 Not fierce *Medea*, when she tore
 Piecemeal the Infant which she bore,
 Acted a more infernal Part,
 Or shew'd such Savageness of Heart:
 Nor *Danaus'* Daughters, who imbru'd
 The Poignard in their Husband's Blood,
 Deserv'd the Punishment so well,
 Of their eternal Toils in Hell!

She speaks---Sinks down---And, cold as Clay,
 Kisses his Feet, and faints away.

Pierc'd with his Griefs, his Blindness scorn'd,
 The God o'erwhelm'd with Sorrow mourn'd;

And,

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 241

And, while her Face with Tears he wets,
For Hers, his own Distress forgets.
With Kisses that might rouse the Dead,
He paints her livid Cheeks with Red.
Then, breathing thro' her Lips, her Blood
He warms, and thaws the icy Flood ;
While for some Minutes, Death and Life
Within her held a doubtful Strife.

At length her Pulse began to beat,
And Life renews its genial Heat:
Her heaving Lungs expanded play:
Again her Eyes behold the Day.

Bright Charmer, cries the God, your Grief
Distracts, but gives me no Relief.
Try to assist me ! quick, arise !
And couch this Film, which veils my Eyes.

I i

Here,

And,

242 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Here, take this Dart; rase off with Care
This Speck, and lay the Pupil bare.
As *Metis* has obscur'd my Sight,
And Clouds o'ercaſt the beaming Light,
Thy fair white Hand the Gloom may chaſe,
And bleſs me yet to view thy Face:
As by the Brightneſs of the Snow,
The darkeſt Nights enlighten'd grow.

While Grief and Shame her Face o'erſpread,
Upon her Knee ſhe lean'd his Head.
Then points the Dart, and with her Hands
The cryſtal-rooted Film expands.
But, O! the Rack was ſo immense,
So twing'd the Nerve, and ſhock'd the Senſe,
He begg'd her, yelling with Deſpair,
The fruitleſs Torture to forbear.
Confounded with the horrid Pain,
He ſtorm'd, and rav'd, and rag'd in vain;

And

And curs'd his Madnefs to remove
 An Evil doom'd, he fear'd, for *Love*.
 Withal the little fubtle Dart,
 Quick, through his Eye, fo pierc'd his Heart,
 Enkindling there fuch raging Fires,
 Such Agonies, fuch fierce Defires,
 They made the God his Nymph adore,
 And, fond to Dotage, love her more.

His Pain abates ; but this fresh Flame
 So shoots into his vital Frame,
 Like Lightning wing'd, pervades the Whole,
 So boils his Blood, and fwells his Soul,
 That, rufhing to, his Darling's Arms,
 He thinks of nothing but her Charms :
 And, drunk with Love and Joy, forgets
 His Blindnefs, and his Mother's Threats.

My Life! says he, I here discard
 For this Distress the least Regard.
 Methinks I feel my Flames renew!
 My Soul's not only yours---but You!
 While, like a Graft fed by the Tree,
 I live absorb'd and sunk in Thee!
 If thou art constant, thou art fond,
 No Ills shall make my Heart despond:
 For, while my Nymph is kind and true,
 I fear the less what *Jove* can do.
 Lend me your Hand; a God should bear,
 Unmov'd, those Woes which Mortals share.
 Yes! since the Evil I endure
 Is past my Art and thine to cure,
 Thou now o'er me and Men shalt reign;
 Each Sex and Age shall hug thy Chain.

Lo! here, before the Pow'rs divine,
 To you my Empire I resign:
 For ever I am now thine own,
 Thy Soul my Heav'n, thy Breast my Throne!
 Though *Metis*, by her vengeful Heart,
 Has form'd this Plot to make us part,
 Yet shall it wing my Passion more,
 Than ever Passion soar'd before.
 Unchang'd as Fate, the World shall find,
 While *Folly's* faithful, I'll be kind!
 And Ages yet unborn, shall see,
 How firm my Soul is link'd to thee!

Glad, that her Mother's grand Receipt
 Had answer'd thus her Hopes complete;
 Yet griev'd, the Goddess's Advice
 Had cost her such a dreadful Price;

Moria

246 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Moria figh'd, My Soul's great Lord !
 For ever may I live abhorr'd
 By Earth---By Heav'n---Nay, more, by You !
 If e'er thy Darling proves untrue !
 If e'er my Breast new Passion fires !
 If e'er my Fondness palls, or tires !
 If my charm'd Eyes shall ever see
 An Object half so dear to me !
 If e'er my Soul forgets to love thee,
 Or thinks one Joy in Heav'n above thee !
 If either Age, or Time, or Art,
 Tears thy bright Image from my Heart !

Those fair dark Eyes shall make me more
 The Goodness of thy Soul adore.

If Faults I have----O! think them small !
 Kindness can veil----Nay, like them all !
 While I've a Being, I am thine;
 Be thou, while I've a Being, mine !

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Howe'er distress'd----If I can be
 Distress'd----Possessing, blessing thee!
 Nor Heav'n, nor Hell, nor *Metis*, now,
 Shall blast my Hopes, or break my Vow!

She spoke---High-pleas'd, her Heav'n-born Boy
 Quivers his purple Wings for Joy.
 Around her Iv'ry Neck he throws
 His Arms; his Heart with Transport glows.
 With Kisses fonder, sweeter far,
 Than those of pairing Turtles are,
 He made (while quick they fell as Hail)
 The Coral of her Lips grow pale.
 Enraptur'd, ev'ry Tear he dries,
 And loves her dearer than his Eyes.
 By Day she tends him, and with Pride
 Delights his darken'd Steps to guide.
 By Night she folds him to her Breast,
 The dear Companion of her Rest:

From

248 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

From Blindness greater Love he gains;
 Endearments sweeten all his Pains.
 Through *her* bright Eyes he looks at all
 That happens in this worthless Ball;
 And with the same Neglect surveys
 Both the World's Malice, and its Praise.
 What *Folly* values or dislikes,
 Alone his hood-wink'd Judgment strikes;
 While she her Blandishments employs,
 To calm his Grievs, and swell his Joys.

Thus past, in fondest Vows and Play,
 A Week, that scarcely seem'd a Day.
 Where the Heart's fond, there's something in it
 That makes an Hour appear a Minute.
 For Hours, with Wings supply'd by *Jove*,
 Uncounted fly, like those above;
 Where, Time forgot, eternal Rounds
 Of Bliss and Joy are all its Bounds!

Thus

Thus not by Moments Life he measures,
 But by the circling Run of Pleasures.
 Quite blest, he mourns no more his Eyes;
 He bids Adieu to Groans and Sighs.
 As Zeal swells higher when oppress'd,
 His Flame enlarg'd so fills his Breast;
 He once thus whisper'd in her Ear,
 While on her Cheek he dropt a Tear:

I think, *Moria*, like the Mole,
 Blindness has Charms that cheer the Soul.
 To you it seems a deep Distress:
 But Evils, while they hurt, may bless.
 Losses are oft the Source of Wealth;
 E'en Sickness proves the Cause of Health:
 And as a long-liv'd Winter's Night
 Makes up by Sleep for Want of Light,
 So Heav'n makes Blindness (as it ought)
 Balance its Gloom by Calms of Thought.

K k

All

250 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

All Scenes of Grief beneath the Sun,
 And hideous Objects, now I shun.
 Th' unpity'd Mis'ries of the Poor!
Right suing at *Oppression's* Door!
 Foul Crimes rever'd, fair Virtue scorn'd!
 Vile Fraud with Honour's Robes adorn'd!
 Vice high advanc'd, and Merit low!
 Sweet Innocence o'erwhelm'd with Woe!
 Dark Wrongs, which Justice can't relieve!
 No more my tortur'd Sight will grieve!
 Besides, bright Nymph, as, Day by Day,
 The greatest Beauty must decay,
 It joys me that I ne'er shall see
 The least Defect or Want in Thee!

Thus of my Time the meaner Half,
 The Day, from such Disgusts is safe;
 And for the better Half, the Night,
 I've no Occasion for my Sight.

Sacred

Sacred to Joys that Bridegrooms taste,
When, lov'd and loving, they're embrac'd,
That's quite to Blifs and you assign'd;
Then all, as well as I, are blind!

And really, Nymph, the Eyes, I've found,
Run through wild Scenes a senseless Round.
They fill the Head with Trash, or serve
The Soul, that feeds on Thoughts, to starve.
And if the loveliest Maids below
Did but the Sweets of Blindness know,
They'd quit the Empire of Mankind,
To think, and to improve the Mind.
Fonder with lasting Charms to grace
The Soul, than triumph in a Face,
They'd tear their Eyes out, and declare
A senseless Beauty can't be fair!

By dear Experience I perceive
 The Raptures Thoughts refin'd can give.
 Nay, now each Hour new Arts I gain,
 To Truth my flatt'ring Tongue to chain;
 And weigh, like holy Souls at Prayer,
 Whate'er I speak with cautious Care.
 Wean'd from the World, my Mind collects
 Its Strength, and on itself reflects;
 While outward Objects less distract
 The Force, by which its Organs act.
 For, as the Eye is with the Light
 O'erpow'r'd whene'er the Sun's too bright,
 So is the Soul quite overcast,
 When Sight crouds Objects on too fast.
 And this perhaps weak Mortals mean,
 Who own they have been *overseen*.

Through

Through Glaffes fmoak'd, by all the Learn'd,
The Sun's bright Orb is beft discern'd.

And thus the Eye-fight of the Mind
Views heav'nly Objects beft when blind.

Tirefias, when depriv'd of Eyes,
Grew, as enlighten'd Prophets, wife.

And *Homer*, by their Lofs, became
Inspir'd, and gain'd eternal Fame.

Nay, I'm perfuaded now, that, cou'd he fee,
He ne'er had *Iliad* writ or *Odyfey*.

'Twas that which *Milton's* Fancy fir'd,
And made him through the Earth admir'd;
For Bards, like hooded Hawks, the more
They're blinded, do the higher foar.

This gives me Hope that I fhall grow
Wifer than any God I know,

And lay afide my idle Way
Of vexing Heav'n and Earth in Play.

I

Befides,

Besides, each other Sense, each Hour,
I find augments its Force and Pow'r.
My Hearing, Smell, Taste, Touch, unite,
All to supply the Void of Sight.
But, above those, the sweetest Sense
Of my Nymph's Charms grows more intense;
While deep Reflection fans the Fire,
And swells my mounting Passion higher.
O then be kind and true to me,
As I'll be true and kind to Thee!
In Fondness let our Woes be drown'd!
By Fondness let our Joys be crown'd!

Folly, whose Ears attentive hung
To the soft Music of his Tongue,
Had just a fine kind Speech begun,
How much her Heart his Truth had won;

When Tall, t

When her warm Lips, like Cannon nail'd,
The God with ardent Kiffes seal'd,
And stopt her ever fragrant Breath
From utt'ring Vows, Flames, Darts, and Death!

Thus the gay Hours delightful fly,
Till *Folly's* own good Hour drew nigh.
When, twing'd and pain'd, her Labour came,
She sends for many a *Carian* Dame,
By great *Lucina's* Help and theirs,
To ease the Burden which she bears.
Great was her Danger; for the Fright
She took when *Cupid* lost his Sight,
And the dread Horror of her Crime,
Had made her come before her Time.
Yet, blest with what she thought a Treasure,
A Girl at last was born, call'd *Pleasure*;
Of a weak, sickly, tender Make,
When Tall, thin, and slender as a Rake;

256 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

So flight, it scarce would Handling bear ;
 Oft fainting, spite of *Folly's* Care.
 For, as the sens'tive Plant, it seem'd
 To shrink at ev'ry Touch, and scream'd
 Like Mandrakes, when their tender Shoots
 Are torn upwards with their Roots.

They gave it Cordials ; but in vain :
Pleasure was still, by Starts, in Pain ;
 And, ev'ry now-and-then, had Fits,
 That put the Mother past her Wits.
 It scarce had Strength to draw the Breast,
 Nor could the Drops it suck'd digest.
 Its Pulse beat quick, and, as the Blood
 Dragg'd thro' the Veins its tainted Flood,
 It glow'd with Ferments, which presag'd,
 That inwards hostile Humours rag'd.
 Though oft it got an opiate Pill,
 It sigh'd, and toss'd, and slept but ill.

The

The Lungs seem'd tainted ; for it drew
 Its Breath, as Men asthmatic do.
 In fine, although the Child was fair,
 It was as rotten as a Pear.

Withal it had the loveliest Face,
 With such enchanting Mien and Grace,
 No Infant destin'd for a Toast
 Could such a Set of Features boast.
 With *A*—y's Look, with *S*—y's Charms,
 Her ev'ry Glance the Soul alarms.
 Her Skin a brighter Whiteness shews
 Than Summer Swans, or Winter Snows.
 Her Eyes the mildest Radiance shed,
 Her Cheeks the sweetest Blush o'erspread.
 She had the very Air of *Love*,
 With something of her Grandfire *Jove*,

258 LOVE and FOLLY.

Venus's Neck, and such a Head as is
On her fam'd Statue of the * *Medicis* ;
And, though she look'd a little thin,
Had *Folly's* lovely Mouth and Chin,
And all the pleasing Smiles which rise
When *Cumberland* delights our Eyes.

'Twere vain to tell the Parent's Joy
(Though *Cupid* wish'd 't had been a Boy) ;
And what a never-ending Chat
The Gossips kept about the Brat ;
How *Cupid* listen'd, while they swore
Gods such a Beauty must adore ;
While the bright Mother look'd amaz'd
To hear her blooming Bantling prais'd.
The Merry-making, Wine, and Feasts,
And all the Revel-Rout of Guests

* This Statue of *Venus* belonged to the late Great Duke of *Tuscany*,
and is one of the finest Pieces of Sculpture in the World.

Vide *Montfaucon's* Antiquities, vol. 1. l. 3. cap. 18.

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 259

Are Things the Muse's Views disdain,
 Left Critics should the Verse arraign.
 Nor shall we here relate at length,
 How the Child throve, and gather'd Strength;
 While more important Truths invite
 To blend Instruction with Delight.

For now they lik'd sweet Miss so well,
 They thought her quite a Nonpareil.
 And as the Girl by *Cupid's* Side
 Was to the Gods themselves ally'd,
 She talk'd and prattled from her Birth,
 As well as some fair Belles on Earth.
 So, after many a long Debate,
 Small Meaning, but a World of Prate;
 Could *Venus* see it, they believ'd,
 Her Favour might be yet retriev'd:
 Or, mov'd, they hop'd, by *Cupid's* Woes,
 Her Rage might turn against his Foes;

260 LOVE and FOLLY.

Or, caught by *Pleasure's* Charms, pass by
His Faults with an indulgent Eye.

Full of these Views, their harness'd Doves
Bear them from *Caria's* fragrant Groves ;
And, though o'ertaken by the Night ;
Safely near *Paphos* they alight.
There, in a Villa hous'd, they sent
To *Venus*, with a Compliment
On a gilt Card, ill-spelt and writ,
With modern Cant, and aukward Wit ;
To tell her, they were come to pay
Their Duty---and they hop'd---to stay.

Just as their Messenger and Card
Arriv'd, though late, by posting hard,
It chanc'd that *Metis*, who was still
With her old Head-ach faint and ill,

Was

Was playing, to divert her Spleen,
 At Picquet with the *Paphian* Queen.
 For Cards, when Goddeffes complain
 Of flight Diforders, ease their Pain :
 And, as for Phyfic, they despise
 That, and its Books, as learned Lyes.
 But when she heard her *Cupid's* Name,
 Her Eyes, like Ferrets, seem'd to flame.
 Shock'd at their Coming, and distress'd,
 Shame, Fear, Resentment, fill'd her Breast ;
 While, with *Love's* Confidence amaz'd,
 Her Face with angry Blushes blaz'd.

She threw the Game up, and desir'd
 To play no more----For she was tir'd.
 Then said unto herself, What is it
 Has put these Traitors on this Visit ?
 Be what it may, I'll ne'er support
 To be of happy Fools the Sport;

Was

But

262 LOVE and FOLLY.

But fly to Heav'n, in which I trust----
If *Love* be faithless---*Jove* is just!

Yet, keeping-in her Rage, she told
Venus, one House must never hold
Cupid and her; so ask'd the Loan
Of her best Car, as she had none.
She said, She understood that *Jove*
Wanted her Presence much above.
And, as too long, she was afraid,
Her Journey thither was delay'd,
She purpos'd, with the coming Light,
To take to Heav'n her speedy Flight.

Venus, though wondrous glad at Heart
To find they were so soon to part
(For both the Dames, tho' monstrous civil,
Hated each other like the Devil);

Yet,

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 263

Yet, in good Manners, begg'd and pray'd
 Her Journey might be yet delay'd :
 For if she'd stay, she knew her Son
 Must rather wed than be undone.
 She patch'd old Compliments together,
 Of the short Visit, and bad Weather :
 And, knowing well she'd go away,
 Press'd her ten times the more to stay.
 But finding nothing else would do,
 The Car was brought, the Doves put to.
 And e'er the Sun began to rise,
 With the first Day-light in the Skies,
 With false sweet Looks, close hugg'd and kiss'd,
 The haughty *Metis* she dismiss'd ;
 Who, fix'd to get Revenge of *Love*,
 To Heav'n the swift-wing'd Turtles drove.

Mean time in all his Pomp the Sun
 His glorious Race on high begun ;

Yet,

When

264 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

When *Cupid* at the Palace-Gates
 Arriv'd, and on his Mother waits.
 Yet, that they both might vent their Woe
 In private, *Folly* staid below.
 There, in the Passion of his Soul,
 He paints his Suff'rings, and the Whole
 Of his afflictive Woe and Pain,
 In such a tender moving Strain,
 That soon her Wrath began to 'swage,
 While Parent-Pity melts her Rage.
 But on his Blindness while he dwells,
 And *Folly's* Care and Guidance tells,
 With their sweet Infant, which alone
 Might all the Sins of *Love* atone,
 Her Sorrow rose to such Excess,
 Description would but make it less.

From the bright Sluices of her Eyes
 Whole Floods of Tears to Torrents rise,

Which

Which on her wretched Son she pours,
 Like Autumn Rains and drooping Flow'rs.
 She sighs, she sobs; with wild Despair
 Rends the bright Ringlets of her Hair;
 And calls on all the Pow'rs above,
 To pity her, and injur'd *Love*;
 Till, with the Load of Woe o'ercome,
 Her boist'rous Grief at last grew dumb.
 For Grief, like Guns when overcharg'd,
 Bursts, and grows silent, when enlarg'd.

Strait *Cupid*, glad with healing Balm
 Her Pain to lull, her Rage to calm,
 Said, Madam, Fury may increase,
 But ne'er can give Affliction Ease.
 Since you're so good to love me, pray,
 Pardon the little Pranks I play.
 In those we like we seldom spy
 Small Slips, or fondly pass them by.

hich

M m

Though

266 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Though thus of Eyes and Friends depriv'd,
Both in *Moria* rise reviv'd.

And if you'll be but reconcil'd
To her, and our celestial Child,
You'll make the Woes you mourn for, be
Sweeten'd to you, to her, to me!

Dear Goddess, don't the Case debate:
For all Advice comes quite too late.
Fond to contribute to my Ease,
She labours to delight and please:
She guides my Steps, where-e'er I go:
She points my Darts; she strings my Bow:
With Joy and Peace my Soul she fills,
And frees me from a thousand Ills.
In short, she is my Whole of Bliss,
Both in the other World and this.
So to your Presence, pray, admit,
The Nymph to whom my Heart is knit;

And,

And, in a Word, without more pressing,
Give her, and *Pleasure* too, your Blessing.

Though this was going, *Venus* knew,
Much further than she thought to do ;
Yet as she saw his Case was hard ;
And Grief had put her off her Guard ;
And was at Bottom almost wild,
To see this Wonder of a Child ;
With some nice Speeches, just for Show ;---
She doubted---if 'twas right or no---
That *Jove* perhaps---might fret, if e'er
He heard poor *Folly* had been there,
She said, she'd see her---Nor would make
More Scruples---Purely, for his Sake.
Nay, though she thought it half a Sin,
At his Request she call'd her in.
So in she came, and with her Eyes
Told twenty thousand pleasing Lyes ;

M m 2

When,

And,

268 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

When, quite abash'd, with modest Grace,
 She shew'd the Glories of her Face.
 She hung her Head, and kneel'd awhile,
 Till *Venus* rais'd her with a Smile.
 For when she heard the matchless Fair,
 With such a mild bewitching Air
 (Blushing between her Shame and Fears,
 And melting in a Flood of Tears),
 Intreat her Pardon, if she thought
 Loving her Son too well a Fault,
 Her Heart was something touch'd within her,
 In Pity of so sweet a Sinner.

Strait, with a slight Salute embrac'd,
 In her Settee the Nymph she plac'd;
 Then took the Child; and, having thrown
 The Mantle off, and loos'd the Zone,
 With Rapture, Wonder, struck! amaz'd,
 On the sweet Infant's Face she gaz'd.

But

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 269

But when she saw the dawning Streaks,
Of Beauty flushing in its Cheeks,
The Child with Charms so tempting blest'd,
Her Looks with rising Glories dress'd ;
With such a Forehead, Mouth, and Nose,
And blooming as an op'ning Rose ;
With two bright Eyes, which beauteous shot
Darts to kill Mortals on the Spot ;
And, what yet more her Fondness won,
So like herself, so like her Son !
Her Grief forgot, Joy swell'd her Soul,
And secret through her Bosom stole.

She kiss'd it oft, and kept a Stir,
Whether 'twas likest *Jove*, or her.
And yet sometimes she own'd the Face
Had more of *Love's* enchanting Grace.
She gave it fondling Names, and vow'd,
Its Charms might make a Goddess proud.

But

270 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Pleasure, I find, says she, thou'rt sent,
 To banish Grief and Discontent.
 From Thee unnumber'd Joys shall flow ;
 With Thee unnumber'd Breasts shall glow.
 All Nations will adore thy Charms,
 And run with Transport to thy Arms.
 Sorrow and Care from Thee shall fly ;
 They will but look on Thee, and die.
 Pray, had you a good Time on't, Child ?
 Don't blush, my Dear ! I'm reconcil'd.
 This Infant makes me full Amends.
 In Heav'n and Earth she'll get you Friends.

In short, the Goddess was so charm'd,
 Her Grief and Rage were both disarm'd.
 She felt strange Raptures, and her Tongue
 Unmeaning Peals of Fondness rung.
 Her old Resentments quite dismiss'd,
 A thousand times her Son she kiss'd.

She

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 271

She vow'd *Moria's* Eyes outshone
The Morning Star, the Ev'ning Sun;
And might not only him subdue,
But all the Pow'rs celestial too.

She gave her Bracelets, Ouches, Rings,
That might enrich Ten Eastern Kings.
She put huge Pendants in her Ears,
That look'd like Stars dropt from their Spheres;
With Diamonds grac'd her Neck and Hair,
Enough to make an Empress stare.
Thus, having dress'd her wondrous fine,
She call'd for *Jove's Elysian* Wine.
Filling a Sapphire Rummer high,
With the choice Nectar of the Sky,
She drank their Healths, and grew so kind,
Pleasure, 'twas plain, had chang'd her Mind.
She call'd *Moria* Daughter twice,
And grew familiar in a trice.

She

She

272 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

She vow'd her greatest Joy in Life
 Wou'd be to see her *Cupid's* Wife;
 That all her Grief was to reflect,
 That once she paid her less Respect.
 Then she would kiss her, and declare
 That she must stay and settle there.
 Command, says she, without Controul,
 My Palace, Fortune, nay, my Soul!
 Here are my Keys----Come----No Defence!
 This keeps my Cordials, that my Pence.
 Rule *Cyprus* too; for I resign
 To you and *Pleasure* all that's mine.

Charm'd with this happy Turn of Things,
Love smiles, and shakes his splendid Wings.
 The wondrous Change with Joy he sees.
 He thanks his Mother on his Knees.
 For as high Rapture swell'd his Breast,
 To find they both were so caress'd;

He

He hop'd, if once she'd plead with *Jove*,
His Pranks might be o'erlook'd above.

Thus, all Things made with *Venus* up,
The House their own, they dine, they sup;
All Faults forgot, restor'd to Grace,
They liv'd delighted with the Place!
In the best Chambers lodg'd in State,
They lay in Down, and eat in Plate;
Happy their Nights, and blest'd their Days;
Their Hearts were ever on a Blaze;
While their soft Moments Both employ
In giving and receiving Joy.

But as all Bliss some Sorrow fours,
Poor *Love* had his uneasy Hours!
How *Metis* and the Gods he us'd,
Conscious, the beauteous Traitor mus'd;

N n

And,

274 LOVE and FOLLY.

And, pensive, look'd a little down,
 Lest *Jove*, his Vengeance rous'd, shou'd frown.
 He fear'd, shou'd he, incens'd, decide,
 Impeach'd again, to have him try'd,
 And summon all the Pow'rs on high
 To a new Sessions in the Sky,
 He and *Moria* doom'd, might go
 To *Pluto's* dusky Realms below.

One Day he spoke upon't to *Venus* :
 Madam, says he, you entertain us
 So kindly, that my only Fear
 Is now, lest *Jove* shou'd prove severe.
 I own this Journey *Metis* took
 To Heav'n, has but an ugly Look.
 Perhaps she'll soon some Means contrive,
 My dreadful Trial to revive.
 Now, if you'll send *Irene* there,
 To sound *Jove's* Thoughts on this Affair,

Our

Our Prospects may clear up, at least :
For Dangers are by Fears increas'd.

Venus assents ; and, not to lose
A Moment, strait the Hint pursues.
Quick at her Nod *Irene* flies,
Swift as a Falcon cuts the Skies ;
And, lighting at the bright Abode
Of *Jove*, she heard he was abroad.
But, meeting there some Sister *Hours*,
Who still attend th'eternal Pow'rs,
She pick'd up all the News above :
Then homewards with wing'd Haste she drove ;
And in a Day, or two, at most,
Revisits safe the *Cyprian* Coast.

To *Venus* there and *Love* she brings
A wondrous odd Account of Things :

Our

N n 2

That

276 LOVE and FOLLY.

That *Jove* had gone to see his Swains
 In * *Ethiopia's* happy Plains,
 Glad that one Nation could be found,
 For Probity and Peace renown'd,
 Who fear'd the Gods, and, quite content,
 Liv'd on the Pittance which they lent ;
 And, blest'd with heav'n-born Innocence,
 Deriv'd the highest Joys from thence ;

That, spending there Ten Days at least,
 The God would to *Olympus* haste :
 That *Metis*, waiting his Return,
 Gave up her Time to rail and mourn ;
 And pleading with the Gods her Cause,
 Lamenting for their slighted Laws,
 Begg'd Justice might, with Vengeance due,
 Her Traitor, and his Crimes, pursue.

* *Homer*, in his First Book of the *Iliad*, makes *Jupiter* spend Twelve Days with the *Ethiopians*, whom he annually took a Journey to see.

In fine, all People thought, when *Jove*
 Came back to bless his Realms above,
 That *Dian* would not be deny'd,
 Till *Cupid* once again was try'd.
Love now was in a piteous Case:
 Fear gloom'd his ever-beauteous Face.
 Like Flow'rs, when nipt by chilling Frost,
Moria's Charms their Sweetness lost.
 She droop'd her Head; her staring Eyes
 Spoke Anguish, Horror, and Surprize.
 The Dread of *Jove* turn'd *Venus* white,
 As any Ghost that walks by Night.
 For, when weak Minds are struck with Fear,
 'Tis of all Passions most severe.

Fond *Folly*, sunk in deep Despair,
 Implor'd her kind maternal Care;
 While *Cupid* begg'd she'd timely form
 Some Scheme to shield them from the Storm.

Nor

Twelve
 fee.

In

278 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Nor Pow'r, nor Heav'n, he cry'd, we claim,
 Glory or Grandeur, Wealth or Fame:
 Those we resign to Gods above;
 But tear me not from her I love!
 Secure me her who charms my Heart,
 No more from these fond Arms to part;
 And I shall ne'er the Gods implore
 My envy'd Empire to restore.
 Give me this Nymph, and I'll look down
 On my lost Pow'r without a Frown.
 If bright *Moria* cheers my Hours,
 Though banish'd the celestial Bow'rs,
 A sweeter Heav'n below we'll find
 Each in the other's Heart and Mind,
 Than *Jove* can give, where *Love* denies
 To crown the Grandeur *Jove* supplies!

He spoke—While *Folly*, weeping, held
Pleasure, whose Eyes with Tears were swell'd.

Then

Then, plac'd in *Cytherea's* Arms,
 She woo'd her with the Infant's Charms;
 While all made Lamentations dire,
 As Towns alarm'd by Night with Fire.

Venus, distracted with their Cries,
 Their moving Tears, and wounding Sighs,
 Was deeply touch'd with all their Woe,
 As *Dian* was a dreadful Foe.
 But, as her Heart was apt to melt,
 Their Griefs with double Force she felt:
 And though she saw the Danger great,
 And trembled for their wretched State;
 Ardent she vow'd all Risques to run,
 To save *Moria*, and her Son.

Come, dry your Tears, says she: I'll try
 My Int'rest yet in yonder Sky.

Make

ell'd.

Then

280 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Make ready strait my Car and Doves;
 Get on your Riding-Coats and Gloves.
 Although my Pow'r may prove but faint,
 When weigh'd with *Metis's* Complaint,
 And all my Eloquence too weak,
 When injur'd *Wisdom* comes to speak;
 Yet these poor Charms perhaps may plead
 With *Jove*, unless your Doom's decreed.
 These Charms before sustain'd *Love's* Cause,
 And triumph'd o'er the rigid Laws.
 Oh! may they yet successful prove,
 And touch the gen'rous Heart of *Jove*!

She spoke; and, while her Sighs confess'd
 The Fears and Sorrows of her Breast,
 Instant they mount her Car, that flies
 Impetuous through the turbid Skies.
 And tho' the Doves were harass'd quite,
 While Clouds and Rains obstruct their Flight;

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LOVE *and* FOLLY. 281

They reach'd (each Storm and Danger past)
The Mansions of the Gods at last.

Strait, at her own bright Dome above
They light (and close it neighbour'd *Jove*);
There soon she heard the God was come,
Delighted with his Journey home :
That scarce he'd gotten off his Boots,
Ere he was plagu'd with Crouds of Suits.
And though it was a * *Dies non*,
Love's Cause already was come on ;
And *Metis* had in Form begun
A huge † *Philippic* on her Son.

Alarm'd with this, in haste they dress'd ;
While *Venus*, round her snowy Breast,

* A Term which Lawyers use to certain Holidays, when Justice is never administred in the Courts.

† A Satirical Oration, so called from those famous ones of *Demosthe-*
nes against *Philip* King of *Macedon*.

282 LOVE and FOLLY.

The magic * *Cestus* secret plac'd,
 And walk'd with Heav'nly Glory grac'd.
Love follow'd with his brilliant Girl,
 Trick'd out with Jewels, Lace, and Pearl:
 Within her fost'ring Arms convey'd,
Pleasure her Infant-Charms display'd;
 When, all perfum'd with Civet, came,
 Where *Jove* in Judgment sat supreme.

There they heard *Metis* just concluding
 A long Harangue of *Love's* eluding
 The Pow'rs above, and all the Vows
 He swore, of making her his Spouse;
 How, to a senseless Nymph enslav'd,
 The Vengeance of the Skies he brav'd;
 That Heav'n and Earth deplor'd the Wrong,
 And thought *Jove's* Thunders slept too long!

* See *Homer* for the Description of this wonderful *Cestus*, and its Efficacy in charming and allaying all Resentment and Anger, in his 14th Book of the *Iliad*.

With

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 283

With all the Force of Truth and Sense,
 She shew'd *her* Griefs, and *his* Offence;
 That though the faithless Wretch she scorn'd,
 'Twas Heav'n's insulted Cause she mourn'd.
 Then, praying Justice of the God,
 She waits his dread assenting Nod.

Jove paus'd---Confus'd, abash'd, amaz'd,
 On *Venus* and her Train he gaz'd;
 And, conscious, found within his Breast
 Some Charm his rising Rage arrest.
 For, from the wonder-working Zone,
 A secret Calm was gently thrown
 O'er all the Storm, which furious rose,
 When *Metis*, thund'ring, lash'd her Foes.

While thus the *Cestus* works with Pow'r,
Venus quick snatch'd th' auspicious Hour:

284 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Its magic Force with Joy she fees,
And speaks, embracing fast his Knees :

Ah, *Jove* supreme ! let Pity warm
Your Breast, and Kindness Rage disarm.
Hear not their Pray'rs, who still take Joy
To menace, punish, or destroy :
But *Love* distress'd with Mercy chear,
That, blinded, kneels before you here ;
By wicked Arts depriv'd of Sight,
Already doom'd to endless Night.
He merits some Compassion sure
Who must the worst of Ills endure ;
Unjustly wretched, while possess'd
Of Charms, that make most Beings blest'd.

With silent Grief sat *Jove*, appeas'd ;
E'en *Metis* melting Sorrow seiz'd,

To (The

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 285

To see those Eyes with Darkneſs ſeal'd,
Which once had o'er her Heart prevail'd.

Glad *Venus* ſaw their Pity riſe;
And thus anew to *Jove* applies:
Great Sire of Gods and Men, we ſue
For this one Boon, to Mercy due:
This only Comfort of his Woe
My Boy would to your Bounty owe;
That *Folly*, this victorious Charmer,
So good! e'en Malice could not harm her!
So beauteous! Nature ſure, with Pride,
Form'd her on Purpoſe for his Bride!
May be the Partner of his Life,
An ever lov'd and faithful Wife.

Oh! hear me, *Jove*! nor let my Son,
Who bleſſes Millions, be undone!
Behold, bright *Pleasure* here, their Child,
To (The God look'd on it pleas'd, and ſmil'd),

Already

286 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Already wears the Air of *Jove*,
 Blended with all the Charms of *Love*.
 Oh! let their heav'nly Beauties plead!
 Let their united Sweets persuade
 The Sov'reign of the Skies to grant
 This only Blessing which we want;
 That fond *Moria*, by his Side,
 May ever be his constant Guide!

She ceas'd — The *Cestus* did the rest,
 And rous'd soft Pity in his Breast.
 He sigh'd — And, with a pensive Air,
 Saw *Metis* wise, and *Folly* fair;
 And, secret in his Breast divine,
 Conceiv'd a glorious great Design.
 Then, placid, thus the God replies;
 'Tis vain to wish fond Lovers wise!
 What Pow'r can part whom *Love* has join'd?
 Not *Jove* can force th'unconquer'd Mind,

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 287

The Union is so close and sweet
Where Truth and warm Affections meet!

This Child, to Empire doom'd by Fate,
Both Gods and Men will captivate.
Those Smiles, that Air, those Graces, shew
What Transports, *Pleasure*, thou'lt bestow.
What rapt'rous Sweets, what heav'nly Charms,
Adorn thy Locks, and fill thine Arms!
Mortals will feel, and feeling, bless
E'en Ruin in so sweet a Dress!
From *Jove* thou'rt sprung: I own Thee mine;
Thy Race and Beauty both divine!
Bless'd be thy dear auspicious Birth,
To charm the Heav'ns, and please the Earth!
Joy swells my Soul----I'll give it Vent,
And make both Worlds at once content!
He paus'd----And thus each *Hour* that waits,
To guard high Heav'n's resplendent Gates,

The

Bespoke

288 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Bespoke----And with a gracious Mien
Shook his *Ambrosial* Curls serene.

Proclaim a solemn Banquet, call
The Gods to our Ethereal Hall:
Where I'll promulgate a Decree
To bind both Heav'n, and Earth, and Me;
Where *Love* and *Metis* both shall own
Justice and Mercy found my Throne.
'Tis mine to be both good and great:
The Rest lies hid in Time and Fate.

At once the swift-wing'd Couriers rise,
And sound a Banquet through the Skies;
The Gods the Thund'rer's Call attend,
And, pleas'd, th'Ethereal Hall ascend;
As *Jove*, they heard, would now decide
Which Lady should be *Cupid's* Bride;

If

If *Love* would suit with *Wisdom* best ;
 Or happier live, in *Folly* blest'd.
 When both, in Heav'n's great Balance laid,
 Were by their Use and Fitness weigh'd,
 Each, fond to hear the Sentence past,
 To settle Heav'n and Earth at last,
 Put on their gayest Robe and Face,
 The Banquet and the God to grace.

As People in the Torrid Zone
 Can't conceive Ice, as seeing none ;
 So Poets never Feasts describe,
 As Things unknown to all our Tribe.
 Yet, a bad Custom once to break,
 Muse, of this wondrous Banquet speak.
 But not to dwell on ev'ry Dish,
 * Soups *à la Daube*, and * Bisques of Fish ;
 On Swans, Hens, Ruffs, * Battalia Pies,
 And Sweet-meats pil'd to prop the Skies ;

If

290 LOVE and FOLLY.

On Phœnixes, themselves that roast,
 To make for *Jove* an Holocaust;
 On Birds of Paradise, and Quails,
 Pheasants, and Partridge, Reeves, and Rails;
 Not of nice * Pulpatoons to tell,
 Fine Olios with their Garlick Smell.
 † Cherubim-Broth, and * Florandines;
 Of Ortalans and Porcupines;
 Of Tongues of ‡ Birds, by Mortals taught
 To speak, at monstrous Prices bought;
 Whole Sholes of Sea-Fish, Ham-Ragous,
 That might convert a thousand *Jews*,
 Of Phœnicopters, Unicorns———,
 Each Dainty that the Board adorns,
 Say, Heav'n and Earth together strove
 To spread a Table fit for *Jove*.

* * * * * Several Names of nice Dishes used in the best Taverns and Houses in *Paris* and *London*.

† For this famous Dish see Mr. *Pope's* Letters to Mr. *Cromwell*.

‡ *Roscius* the famous Actor had a Feast of these, which cost him an immense Sum.

The

The grand Repasts of pompous Kings,
 Compar'd to this, are fordid Things.
P-----s rich Dinners, *S-----s* Treats,
 May boast Earth's costliest Wines and Meats :
 But here creative Power supplies
 Whate'er charms heav'nly Tastes or Eyes ;
 While from the Air, the Seas, the Fields,
 Each World to *Jove* its Treasure yields.
 Sat all the Deities elate ;
 They eat and drank in Golden Plate :
 Lur'd with the grand celestial Feast,
Ambrosial Viands court their Taste :
 Wine cheers their Hearts ; yet, calm and cool,
 Each mus'd how *Jove* the Cause would rule ;
 And when they took the Cloth away,
 Watch'd the great Bus'ness of the Day.

Strait *Jove-----*all Heav'n in Silence hush'd,
 His Will pronouncing, laugh'd and blush'd ;

292 LOVE and FOLLY.

And, placing *Folly* at his Side,
 Decrees her *Cupid's* fittest Bride :
 He shews his Reasons (but too long
 They would protract the faithful Song):
 Then toasts her Health ; the nectar'd Bowl
 He gives her, to enlarge her Soul.
 She drank so deep, an Air divine
 O'er all her Features seem'd to shine.

That * Draught, says *Jove* (and, pleas'd, he smil'd,
 'Midst all his Thunders, sweet and mild),
 Has rais'd thee, fair *Moria*, high
 As the bright Daughters of the Sky !
 Thou'rt now immortal grown, and fit
 Great *Love's* Embraces to admit.

* *Apuleius* represents *Jupiter*, in his 6th Book, making *Psyche* immortal in this Manner, by making her drink out of that Bowl which he reach'd to her.

His Words are, *Porrecto Ambrosiæ Poculo, Sume, inquit, Psyche, & immortalis esto ; nec unquam digredietur a tuo Nexu Cupido ; sed ista vobis erunt perpetuæ Nuptiæ.*

I

Together

LOVE *and* FOLLY. 293

Together calm the frantic Earth,
Allay Mens Woes, augment their Mirth!
Sweeten their Cares, and let them see,
If they're unblest'd, 'tis not from me!

He joins their Hands for endless Ages,
And bids them scorn censorious Sages.
Let none, said *Jove*, while thus they're ty'd,
Sweet *Folly*, and fond *Love*, divide!
I give the God unto your Care:
For ever guide him, matchless Fair!
Let none, while thus I knit your Hands,
Dissolve the heav'n-protected Bands!
Accurs'd be his atrocious Crime,
Who parts you through the Rounds of Time!
And let fair *Pleasure* always be
Belov'd by Men, by Gods, and Me!

Yet,

294 LOVE *and* FOLLY.

Yet, prudent *Metis*, don't despair !
For thou art mine, by *Styx*, I swear.
My chosen * Wife, whose Counsels still
Shall rule my Heart, and guide my Will!
Shall with eternal Charms controul
The fond Affections of my Soul !

With Shouts of Joy, Heav'n's Pow'rs applaud
The great Decree, and hail the God.
Loud Peals of *Io Pæans* tear
The sacred Dome, and rend the Air.
The azure Vault resounds th'Applause :
Both *Love* and *Metis* gain'd their Cause ;
And both, with Joy and Wonder seiz'd,
Were with the Thund'rer's Sentence pleas'd ;
While *Metis*, plac'd on *Jove's* high Throne,
Saw him, and Heav'n, and Earth, her own !

* The Goddess *Metis*, in *Hesiod's Theogonia*, and by all the Mythologists, is set down as one of the Wives whom *Jupiter* married.

Vide *Nat. Com.* l. 2. p. 90. cap. 2.

LOVE *and* FOLLY.

295

Instant the Muses to their Lyres
Sing *Hymen's* unpolluted Fires,
All his fond Treasures and Delights,
His peaceful Days, and balmy Nights ;
Where Joy its sacred Vigils keeps,
Till *Pleasure*, watch'd by Virtue, sleeps !
The golden Goblets brisk go round
The chearful Board, which Nectar crown'd.
To both the Brides eternal Joy,
Which Discord shall no more destroy !
While all the Lightning in the Skies
Seem'd to lend Lustre to their Eyes.

The Banquet ends——each Bride was led,
In Triumph, to her Nuptial Bed.
And, as a Goddess, to be blest,
Not *Folly* in a trice undrest ;
While *Metis*, like a ling'ring Maid,
Was blushing by the Thund'rer laid :

Then

Instant

296 LOVE and FOLLY.

Then both in haste the Stocken threw:
 The Curtains clos'd, the Gods withdrew;
 While round their Pillows rosy *Hours*
 Sweet Fragrance shed, and heav'n-born Flow'rs.
 Fair *Venus*, ravish'd with Delight,
 Kiss'd *Love* and *Jove*, and blest the Night;
 Then, laughing, call'd a Virgin Muse
 To write lov'd *Pollio* all the News.

F I N I S.



